THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

LILLA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BARBARA MANDE.

The sea-gull uttered a low sad note
Over the waters flying,
And the blue waves crept to the pebbly beach,
And told how the summer was dying—
How the huge oak trees in the breezy shade
The air with sighs were waking;
How the nightingale moaned the live-long night,
And the rose's heart was breaking.

And Lilla clasped her hands and smiled,
Saying: "When the autumn's glory
Shall drape the hills with brown and gold,
I shall list to the wondrous story,
Told by the white-robed angel band
Around the throne eternal,
Of the Heavenly Father's tender love,
And the bliss of the home supernal."

Oh, far away in the sweet spring-time,
The breeze foretold this sorrow;
But we stilled our hearts and only said:
"We will *hope* for a happier morrow."
We fondly thought that the golden rain
Of sunshine on the clover,
Would bring new life to her feeble form,
And the cloud on our souls passed over.

* * * * *

The tender hush of the autumn noon,
On the purple morn is stealing,
And the crimson strokes on the green oak leaves,
Are the coming death revealing.
In a quiet nook by the sunny strand,
Our Lilla sweetly sleepeth,
Where the violets wave in the perfumed air,
And the sea its vigil keepeth.

Fall River, Wis.

STRAWBERRIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LAURA J. ARTER.

CHAPTER I.

Ruby-red, luscious and tempting, pear-shaped, fragrant and in grape-like clusters they gleamed up from the dewy leaves, those luring, glowing strawberries. The gentle slope of the hill upon whose bosom they blushed, seemed a channel for so many little rivulets, all running blood-red waters, subdued only by the overhanging canopies of emerald. Two small hands, rose-flushed and berry stained, fluttered like beautiful birds, in and out among the coral rivulets and emerald hangings. A fair, bright face lighted up with a pair of clear gray eyes; rippling brown hair half secured in heavy braids, half hanging in rebellious ringlets around a small, finely shaped head; a slight form, girlish and graceful, clad in a dress the soft gray hue of a winter's dawn; such was the picture Theodore Evans beheld, early one May morning.

The sunshine filtered down through the tree leaves in gauzy, golden mists, weaving its shining fibres in the hearts of the clover blossoms, and quickening the heavy pulse of the earth. A mocking-bird sat in the depths of one of the door yard maples, pouring out fresh, sweet strains of music; and the white and pink roses by the pebbled walks, were bee-sought and dew-laden.

Theodore Evans realized the loveliness of the sunshine and flowers, the sweetness of the bird-fountain bubbling up in the maple, only as one realizes a pleasant dream—he was wrapped in a vague, delicious feeling of happiness, as his eyes rested on the sweet face hovering above the strawberries—he *felt* that to him the dreariest day would be bright and sunny, could that form ever linger near him. He sauntered down the pebbled walk slowly, through the little white gate and into the strawberry patch. The rose lips of the girl curved with a quiet smile, when he paused beside her small basket that was heaped with burning jewels.

"Child, are you so happy that you waste your smiles on these senseless berries?"

"I am not so sure they *are* senseless. Do you not see their blood is upon my fingers—tears they have wept at parting with the humble vines and meek brown earth that nursed them into existence? Do you suppose it is any consolation to them, to know that a golden-bound china bowl filled with yellow cream awaits their coming? That real silver spoons will be the medium of conveying them to the jaws of death?"

The faintest stream of silvery laughter bubbled over her lips, as she looked into the handsome face bent towards her.

"You little dreamer, you strawberry-mad fairy, who ever thought of such a thing? I wonder if I have not found the angel whose duty it is to watch over these gleaming rubies? You know each plant has its guardian angel—and you are the essence and spirit of strawberries? I've a mind to eat you, by way of fairly testing the idea."

"You must remember that even these vines have their peculiarly irritating little thorns, so that if I am the *spirit* of strawberries, you must be prepared for thorns yet more dangerous. I would advise you to let me drink my little drops of dew, and revel in my little gleams of sunshine, without interruption."

"Would not the fine china and the pure silver be a strong inducement to leave the lowly ground and protecting leaves?"

"No—I am content to stay where nature planted me."

"You are not ambitious then? You are content to pass all your life in the same dreamy quiet; the same idle peace? Oh! Madaline, I will not believe it."

She was silent for a moment, then spoke slowly, as if her words came from afar off.

"No, I am not willing to spin out a useless, unreal life. There is that within me, which calls for action of heart and brain—another unsatisfied self. I cannot explain it to you—I try not to think of it; to give no heed to the vague, impetuous longings for, I know not what. I know that I ought to be happy. I have no cares; I have met with none of the vexations that usually assail girls of my age. I cannot be other than I am—my lot is cast in cool and quiet places, and I have no cause for murmuring."

"No—and yet you need sorrow and trial to bring forth all the strength, and depth, and good of your character. You are only a shy little flower now, a modest hearts-ease, but you are capable of expanding into a hardy, fragrant, blooming rose. But I am glad after all that you are not, because then everyone would be seeking to transplant the rose, and but few will pause to glance at the hearts-ease. Do you know, Madaline, that when I first met you, I was tossed in a tumult of worldly cares; my heart was so hardened, I did not think I could ever find real happiness again? Yet in finding you, I found that which I had ceased to hope for—I found that the bliss of loving was yet in store for me."

He paused, his grave face overflowing with the tenderness his tongue refused to utter, but as he looked down into the clear, gray eyes, into the face that had suddenly grown a shade paler, a great pain and fear shot through his heart, dragging after its poisoned arrows a thousand shadows and doubts. He caught her hand up passionately.

"Madaline—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Evans, I must not listen to you. Spare us both an unnecessary pain. I am betrothed to another, and have been almost since my childhood. I thought you know it."

Her voice vibrated to the touch of a wild agony; her eyes wore the sadness of crushed down tears.

"Madaline, you do not love him! I can see it down in your heart—it is unveiled to me. What madness ever caused you to take such a step? Turn back yet, Madaline—I need you; that which is hard in my nature you will soften; that which is faint in yours, I will strengthen. If you loved him, I could see you floating, flossing ever away from me, but you *love me*, Madaline—I *feel* it. Little hearts-ease, you shall not leave me!"

He would have drawn her to him, but she recoiled suddenly; her eyes flashing, her slight form firm and erect.

"What have I done to be thus insulted? Has your vanity misconstrued the actions and words of friendship?"

"See! the flower is transformed, and I have a fire brand. It burns and scathes me without mercy; yet I would rather that Madaline should give me fire than that another should administer cooling draughts. All words are sweet from her; even words of censure."

His face had lost its look of fierce anguish, and wore instead a smiling pain.

"I will not stay to listen to such nonsense, Mr. Evans. I have no wish to hear myself ridiculed."

Two red roses blossomed up in her pale cheeks, but the indignant light was fast dying out of her eyes.

"You will stay, Madaline—you will stay because I wish to lengthen out these moments of sweet anguish—the last moments I shall spend with you for a long time. I do not intend to insult you, when I tell you that I know you do not love the man to whom you are engaged, as well as you are capable of loving—as I *know* you love me. And I tell you, Madaline Heath, that you will never marry him. Your better *self*, the self that you are continually trying to smother down will rise triumphant in spite of you. While your lips are forming sweet words for him, your heart, your womanly, unsatisfied heart will be always crying 'Theodore, Theodore!' And you shall listen to it, listen and call me back again. It may be a long time till then; years perhaps, for you will struggle bravely with the noble impulses rebelling within you; but in the end it will all be well, and I can wait. I can wait patiently, because I know my weary dove will flutter to its true home at last; my frail little hearts-ease shall unfold its modest leaves upon my bosom."

He spoke in a half dreamy way as if his thoughts had flown *far* and were seeing clearly into the future he spoke of.

"It shall not be. I will be true to him."

"True in words, but true in *heart* to me."

"Do you wish to make me hate you, or has your vanity led you to the verge of insanity? Perhaps the sun is turning your brain—I have heard of such things before. We had better go in now; you look as though you were hungry. I think some of these berries will bring you down from your flight to the moon."

"Yes, I am terrible hungry—heart-hungry and soul-thirsty. I can scarcely wait for the sweet bread and rich wine of love in store for me. It will come by-and-by though, and till then I must feed on strawberries that Madaline's fingers have gathered. You will remember what I have been saying?"

"I shall have forgotten it to-morrow!"

"No—a thousand times no! You cannot forget it; you cannot shake it off; it will grow upon you; draw you with invisible threads nearer and nearer to me, till I shall hold you fast, my loving, gentle prisoner. We will go in now. Shall I carry your berries? Don't forget that you promised I should have some genuine golden cream today, nor that you are to sing me that new song."

They walked towards the house talking of indifferent subjects; pausing sometimes to admire a flower or to listen to a bird song. No reference was made to what had occurred, excepting once, then Mr. Evans asked Madaline for a white rose. She plucked one and gave it to him, and he said, earnestly,

"I will keep it to tell me that the time will surely come."

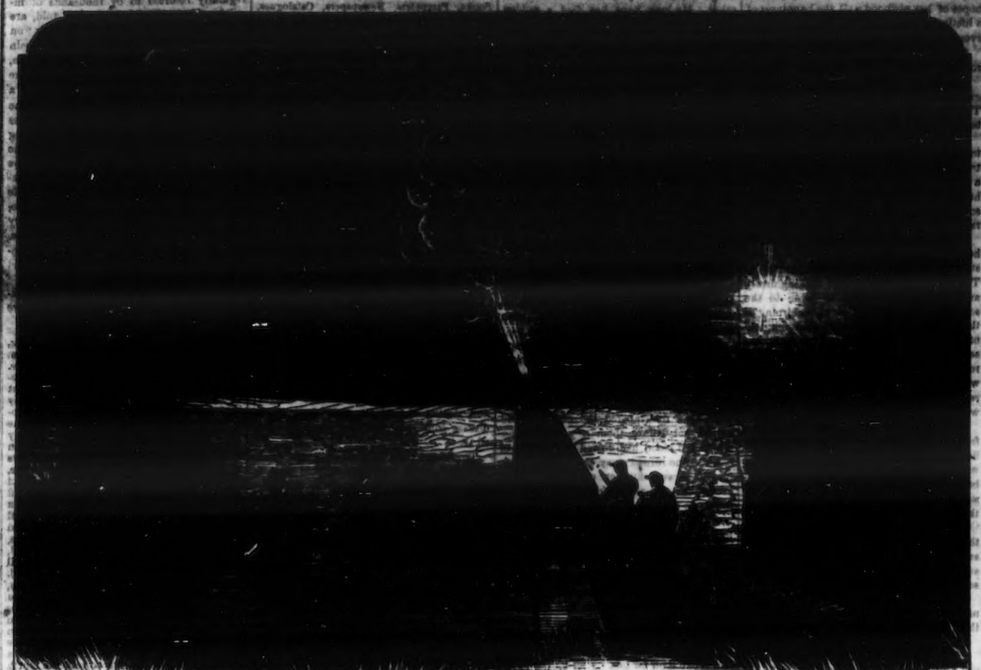
"It never will. The wild hope will turn as pale as the rose, and, like it, will wither and blow away—a fragrant dust."

"And from the dust of the *hope* will spring up the healthy, living reality. Child, child, you will wound your tender wings beating against the iron bars your own hands have placed between us; but after awhile the way will be open, and you shall fly to me."

She turned away with an impatient gesture, fearing to acknowledge even to herself how much she believed him.

CHAPTER II.

Midsummer heats caught the panting earth up in a suffocating embrace. Never had the woods seemed so cool and shady and quiet contrasted with the warmth of fields and lanes. Pink phlox blushed close



THE AVENGING "SWAMP ANGEL" OPENING ON CHARLESTON.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from an engraving in Frank Leslie's paper, is said to be an accurate picture of the famous battery which rained shells, full of Greek fire, from a distance of five miles on rebellious Charleston. This battery is in the midst of the marsh, two thousand six hundred yards in advance of Morris Island. It was located at night, by the men making their way to it on their stomachs. Planks three inches thick were driven down as the sub-stratum; on this were laid several layers; on them logs, and on them boards. In the meantime the ordinance was hoisted up by night, and sandbags innumerable from every direction; and one night a large force piled them up, and, to the surprise of the rebels, a dangerous battery greeted their eyes next morning.—Colonel Serrill, of the 1st New York Engineers, Captain McKenna, and Lieutenants Parsons and Edwards superintended its erection.

Wit and Humor.

How a Wag Tricked the Parsons.

A late Fraser's Magazine contains an article about a certain "Captain Shandon" but, but they will be longer before I see you again, and I could not leave without one more look down into the heart that cannot help but be true to me."

The rosy-hued ripples vanished from her face, leaving behind them only a mass of crushed lilies.

"You tell me good-bye—where are you going?"

"Where my country calls me—to the battle-field. I have been an ungrateful laggard to remain behind so long."

A film came over her eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Evans. And perhaps I shall never see you again!"

"If you never should, you would realize when my stark form lay before you, just what I have always been to you. But something within me tells me that a power above that of earth, will hurl all dangers from around me. I feel that it will be so, because I shall pray so fervently that God will spare me; that He will bring me back safely to my little girl, and because I know she will pray for me."

His low, solemn voice accorded well with the sadness in her heart. There arose before her mind a vision of the far-off battle-field, the roar of cannon and the flowing of blood. Her soul sickened. She feared he would read her agony in her face.

"Yes, I will pray for you. Leave me now—I would rather that we should part here in the solemn stillness of these mighty woods."

"It will be best, perhaps. The dark, and forest is emblematical of our present—the warmth and sunshine lying beyond it, is the future. We have not come to that yet—it will come to us when we are fully prepared for it. I have faith and hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Another word she could not have uttered, and he waited to hear no other. It seemed but a moment ere his form was hidden from her view, and she was left alone with the dead serpent at her feet. She felt like throwing herself prostrate on the ground, and weeping out the agony that had fastened itself upon her; but she only turned away, slowly retracing her steps: her eyes tearless, her face wan and ghastly.

Gerard Reynolds met her at the gate, took her hand with the fond tenderness of an accepted lover, and chided her for her pale, weary face.

"You have over-exerted yourself, my love. I wish you would give up these long, lonesome walks."

"I have been frightened, Gerard. I shall not go walking in those woods again for months. I came so near losing my life—I should have lost it, but for Mr. Evans."

Then she told him in a few concise words her peril and escape. They were seated in the parlor by this time, his arm around her, and her head drawn down upon his breast.

"My darling, my darling; how frightened I am, only to think of it. How could I ever have become reconciled to my loss? I should not have tried to live without you."

He kissed her lips again and again.

"Sorrow can never kill—the natures that suffer most deeply, give the fewest outward tokens."

"How strangely you talk, my love. You surely do not doubt my sincerity?"

"No—I believe you love me, Gerard, and that is why I would make any sacrifice for your sake, even though I broke my own heart."

"My precious one! How good and kind you are."

"Don't, don't, Gerard, I cannot bear to hear you talk so!"

She released herself from his arms, realizing to the fullest extent the words Mr. Evans had spoken to her that fair May morning. "While your lips are forming sweet words for him, your heart, your womanly, unsatisfied heart, will be always crying—'Theodore, Theodore!'" It was as he had said; the wail rose up from her heart—she could not drown it in the waves of Gerard's love. Yet she clung frantically to her mistaken sense of duty—hoping that it would yet carry her safely through the storm.

CHAPTER III.

The first day of November—a cold, dismal day, wrapped in thin, gray robes and bound with leaden clouds. The orchard trees stood up bare and shivering, only a few blue birds and some little brown wrens, were left to write music upon the new sheet of the heavy-hearted month. In the garden rose withered crysanthemums and dead dahlias—the lace-work of frost had adorned only to destroy them. The once stately, golden rods in the fence corners and upon the hill-sides, were like so many soiled and crumpled feathers—the fields that had been yellow with ripened wheat, were stripped of their treasures, and only the hard and unsightly stubbles were left behind—corn fields held up their cold dead stalks, and their sickly, broken spears of ungathered fodder. Everywhere was written the death-agonies of summer.

A pale, sad face—a face over whose surface the shadows that trembled the unquiet soul were constantly flitting; eyes in whose depths a horrible despair—my darling, why do you not awaken me? Darling, do you love another? Tell me who he is, so that I may hate him; so that I may wrestle him with his terrible work!"

"It was Theodore Evans—he is dead."

"My poor darling! How you have suffered; how you are yet suffering—a terrible agony. I have been so blind not to have discovered it before. I will not hate him; I could not hate a dead man—least of all Theodore Evans, whom I have known from boyhood. If he were here now, alive and well, I would give you to him; I would crush down my own selfish repinings. I shall not ask you to prove false to his memory—I feel that you can never love another. My long hope has died a sudden death. I cannot bear to think of what I had prayed the future would be. I cannot bear to stay where the sight of your pale face adds new torture to every horrible moment. Madaline, my lost darling, farewell!"

He raised a shower of kisses over her face, then hurried from the house and through the yard, till his form was buried in the ashes of the daylight.

* * * * * *

Seven more months. There were no traces of the desolation that had fallen on the earth in the early winter. The heavy plough had turned under the unsightly stubbles, and green billows tossed above them. Robins, and wood-larks, and mocking-birds swung gayly from the leafy branches of the orchard trees. Sunshine spangled and bathed the earth; rosy mists and azure skies had vanquished the leaden clouds of that chill November morning.

Madaline wandered like an unquiet spirit, over the house and through the yard. She could see the crimson gleaming of strawberries as she stood at the gate, but the sight sent a thrill of pain through her heart—she remembered the one who had helped her gather them a year before—whose red blood had flowed on the field of battle. She turned away, gathering a handful of flowers for her canaries, floating around in the sea of fragrance, like a lily tossed on the spray of a fountain. She could not keep quiet for a moment—a strange feeling had taken possession of her; the feeling that Theodore Evans's spirit was close beside her. She reached up above her head to draw down a vine of variegated honeysuckles, thickly strung with its perfumed jewels—pearls, topas and corals, all blooming up from one casket. The rose-tipped fingers failed to grasp the dew-gleaming spray, but another hand drew it down and broke it off for her.

"Strength for the weak—hands for the frail—Madaline, I have come back to you."

She did not cry out; the scarlet buds unfolded in her cheeks; swift rivers of love rushed over her large gray eyes.

"Have you only stepped out of the grave, or are you Theodore Evans in flesh and spirit?"

"I have been on the threshold of the grave, but never within it—I am sound in body and mind. Let me have your hand—do you not see that there is warm blood flowing through my veins? I felt the truer and better part of yourself calling me to you, and I have come."

"I have so longed to see you, Theodore—why did you not come before? I thought your spirit had left mine to grope alone blindly in the midnight gloom. I am so glad you have come at last!"

"And I am so glad to be here. I should have come sooner, but my wounds are only half healed now. My child, my heart revels in gladness at the sight of your face, my little blossom, my Madaline!"

He drew her to him tenderly. Glad tears were rolling over her blushing face.

"You will not leave me again, Theodore?"

"Never! the hour of rest and peace is at hand. My little dove has found the branch of olive—oh! Madaline, I *knew* this time would come."

Suddenly he pushed her from him. She would have fluttered back again to his bosom, but he waved her off.

"Retaining the flesh and blood of man, I yet inherit the weaknesses of men. Through the opening of leaves and roses, I see beyond the gaily-clad form from all parts, armed with glasses, like those used at Carlsbad, for instance, holding about a hundred and twenty grammes, a gramme being equal to twenty-three grains. After having drunk it, they walk about in the fresh alpine air for a quarter of an hour. At the commencement of the treatment one or two glasses are ordered, sometimes to be mixed with the mineral-waters; afterwards the dose is increased to four or five glasses.

The whey is not insipid, as might be supposed from what is sold at the farms and druggists' shops; it even has a slight perfumed flavor, when the cattle have browsed in the flowery and aromatic pastures which abound in the higher Alps. The milk most generally used is that of the goat; but for the treatment of consumption, that of the sheep only is advised. Old Galen said:—"Goat's milk holds the middle place, so that it is neither fatter, thicker, nor lighter, if compared with that of the cow, sheep, or ass." The season of drinking lasts from three to four weeks. The regime which follows is of a frugal description: soup—or it may be called, porridge, being often made of oatmeal and maize—for breakfast and supper; while for dinner there are plain meat and dry wines. With the end of August the season terminates; the whey is thought to

"Stay, stay, Theodore Evans! Did those leaden clouds hold him within their borders, or had his spirit soared far above them into the fearful, unknown future? After she had passed through "the dark valley and shadow of death," would a spirit garbed and shining, waft her through the pearly gates of heaven? Would there be marriages of the soul in the "Celestial City," or would life-vows made upon earth last all through eternity? The thought was dreadful; she could sacrifice all the joys and hopes of her girlhood—all the happiness of a lifetime, but to go on so forever and forever!

An earnest prayer for aid and right-seeing rose up from the altar of her heart.

"Oh, my God, guide and help me! I grow blind, and weak, and faltering; be Thou my eyesight and my strength, and teach my feet the path they must walk in."

She paused, as if waiting for her petition to ascend to the throne of mercy; then the troubled look slowly died out of her face, and a new light and awe seemed to steal upon her. A something dark passed from her soul, and the dawn of a new day was heralded.

Her favorite cat, who had followed her in her walk, rubbed itself around her feet. She stooped and caressed it half unconsciously. Then she retraced her steps, walking firmly and swiftly, not pausing to listen to the songs of the blue-birds, or the chirping of the wrens. She went to her own room, laid off her bonnet and shawl, and taking up her sewing, ran lightly down into the sitting-room, where her mother sat knitting. There was a new cheerfulness in her face, a new resolve that told of strength that would not waver.

Her mother looked up in pleased surprise, feeling the change that had come over Madaline, yet neither spoke as they sat engaged with their work. There was that silence between them that speaks of perfect understanding; that is sweeter with those we love than many spoken words.

After a while Mr. Heath—Madaline's father, came in with the morning paper, and sat down to read the latest war news. Presently he spoke, half to them, half to himself.

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry—he was a noble man; a little world-hardened, perhaps, but there are few left like him."

Madaline looked up, wonderingly.

"Who, father? What is it?"

"You remember Theodore Evans? He was killed two days ago, in a skirmish near Holly Springs. Another brave man gone to his final home."

"Will you let me see the paper, father?"

He handed it to her, and for the next hour she sat reading it over and over to herself.

"Killed—Theodore Evans, private."

The words were written in her heart with a pen of fire. Her father watched her white face for a while in silent wonder, then thinking she would be best alone, quietly left the apartment. After a long while she got up, folding the paper up with precision and care, and went to her own room. She did not come down again till tea was ready; when she did come, there were no traces of tears upon her face.

Gerard Reynolds came in as the lamps were being lighted. He drew Madaline's face to his and kissed it.

"Not quite a month, and then Madaline will be my wife."

She looked up into his face with unspeakable sadness."

"This month and many more will pass, and yet I shall not be your wife, Gerard."

"What do you mean, dear love? I cannot believe you know what you are saying."

"I mean that I do not love you, Gerard; that I can never be other than sister or friend to you."

He groaned aloud; his face as white as if death had touched it.

"Madaline, darling, do you wish to break my heart?"

"No—to make you happy, I would break my own. You do not know how much I have suffered in seeking to find the right path. If I could have gone on through a lifetime, adding to your peace and joy, I would have done so, even though I shut myself out from all light and hope. But some day or other, the dread secret would have been revealed to you; that you possessed only an unloving will. Could there have been a sharper pain; a keener anguish? The feelings of this moment are but faint shadows of what they would have been. If I give myself no mercy, I must at least be merciful to you. Gerard, when we plighted our faith to each other, we were mere children; too young to realize what we were doing. I have struggled though to be true to you in word and heart, but it cannot be. I blame myself that I did not tell you all this when I first discovered it; but I kept plunging on blindly, hoping and praying that all would yet be right."

An unnatural calmness seemed to sustain her. She felt that her strength must be sufficient for both of them.

"So the sweet dream is over, and Madaline is mine no longer. Madaline whom I have loved so long and so well! I am dreaming a horrible dream—my darling, why do you not awaken me? Darling, do you love another? Tell me who he is, so that I may hate him; so that I may wrestle him with his terrible work!"

"It was Theodore Evans—he is dead."

"My poor darling! How you have suffered; how you are yet suffering—a terrible agony. I have been so blind not to have discovered it before. I will not hate him; I could not hate a dead man—least of all Theodore Evans, whom I have known from boyhood. If he were here now, alive and well, I would give you to him; I would crush down my own selfish repinings. I shall not ask you to prove false to his memory—I feel that you can never love another. My long hope has died a sudden death. I cannot bear to think of what I had prayed the future would be. I cannot bear to stay where the sight of your pale face adds new torture to every horrible moment. Madaline, my lost darling, farewell!"

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"You will not leave me again, Theodore?"

"Never! the hour of rest and peace is at hand. My little dove has found the branch of olive—oh! Madaline, I *knew* this time would come."

Suddenly he pushed her from him. She would have fluttered back again to his bosom, but he waved her off.

"Retaining the flesh and blood of man, I yet inherit the weaknesses of men. Through the opening of leaves and roses, I see beyond the gaily-clad form from all parts, armed with glasses, like those used at Carlsbad, for instance, holding about a hundred and twenty grammes, a gramme being equal to twenty-three grains. After having drunk it, they walk about in the fresh alpine air for a quarter of an hour. At the commencement of the treatment one or two glasses are ordered, sometimes to be mixed with the mineral-waters; afterwards the dose is increased to four or five glasses.

The whey is not insipid, as might be supposed from what is sold at the farms and druggists' shops; it even has a slight perfumed flavor, when the cattle have browsed in the flowery and aromatic pastures which abound in the higher Alps. The milk most generally used is that of the goat; but for the treatment of consumption, that of the sheep only is advised. Old Galen said:—"Goat's milk holds the middle place, so that it is neither fatter, thicker, nor lighter, if compared with that of the cow, sheep, or ass." The season of drinking lasts from three to four weeks. The regime which follows is of a frugal description: soup—or it may be called, porridge, being often made of oatmeal and maize—for breakfast and supper; while for dinner there are plain meat and dry wines. With the end of August the season terminates; the whey is thought to

"Sam, why don't you talk to mama and tell him to lay up treasures in Heaven?" "What for? What de use ub layin' up treasures dar, whar he nebber see um agin?"

Those who incline to believe in ghosts should consider the impossibility of there being such things as the immortal spirits of coats, hats, shoes, and walking-sticks.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 26, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Briefs of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE WHEY AND GRAPE CURES.

A recent number of Chambers's Journal contains an interesting account of the Whey and Grape cures, now so popular in Europe. As to the Grape Cure, probably the majority of our readers have already had their attention called to it; but we doubt if many of them have heard of the Whey Cure, which seems to have already attained considerable prominence in the medical practice of Germany.

The Germans style both the juice of the grape and the whey of milk, the "mineral waters of organic nature"—and these waters are partaken of by the infirm and ailing in rotation. In the spring the patient begins with the whey, continuing it through the summer. Then when the grapes ripen, the vineyards are sought; and during the winter, the whey, if the disease continues obstinate, is again resorted to.

The Whey Cure is pursued, large establishments being especially devoted to it, in the heart of the Alps, and in that picturesque region which extends from the Rhine to the Carpathian mountains. The milk is coagulated by means of rennet, and the whey brought daily to the cures. We quote as follows:—

There reigns over these stations a sort of *moral climate*, which we do not expect who think of watering-places more as resorts of pleasure than of cure. All is done without agitation, noise, or the effervescence of gayety; the calm and the peace which pervade the atmosphere of these places dedicated to the treatment of the sick and the rest of those who suffer, are very striking.

For the information of those who may be tempted to try this remedy, we may say that the whey is particularly recommended in cases of intestinal affections, diseases of the stomach, liver, and heart, for gout and pulmonary consumption. Its lightness and warmth render it more agreeable to the delicate constitution than the strong, cold, mineral-waters; and many consumptive Germans, who reside in Venice during the winter, return to their own country in the summer to take a course of whey. Those who feel the best effects from this remedy are men who live in the whirl of politics or the excitement of study, whose brain is always at work (and it is well known that the Germans have found out a way for working twenty-five hours in the day); it is for these white slaves that a season of whey is most useful and salutary. They feel the benefit at the end of a few days; and to show how nourishing it is, you have only to look at the rosy faces of the shepherds; it restores order and equilibrium to the system, acts powerfully on the nerves, and makes the blood circulate.

The best whey is made in mountainous regions. About six in the morning, at Weissbad, in Switzerland, the shepherd's bell is heard announcing his descent from the mountain with the daily supply of whey, which has been made at the chalets higher up during the night. To procure it of good quality the milk must be new, and, above all, it is necessary to keep the whey which comes from it of the same temperature; in order to insure this, it is carried in a vessel previously heated by water to fifty degrees Reaumur, and enclosed in another filled with water heated to an equal degree, which envelops the first with a thick zone of caloric. During the time that it is dispensed, this water is renewed as often as it is necessary. If a warmed-up dinner be bad for the digestion, it is the same with this semi-liquid diet; it is no longer an agreeable remedy, but an objectionable drug. At well managed establishments the whey is brought fresh three times a day, and as soon as the bell sounds, the invalids, in dressing-gowns and night-caps, run from all parts, armed with glasses, like those used at Carlsbad, for instance, holding about a hundred and twenty grammes, a gramme being equal to twenty-three grains. After having drunk it, they walk about in the fresh alpine air for a quarter of an hour. At the commencement of the treatment one or two glasses are ordered, sometimes to be mixed with the mineral-waters; afterwards the dose is increased to four or five glasses.

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FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the Fourteenth Annual Session of the Female Medical College of this city. This institution has assumed a high position among the Medical Schools of the country, and its friends are now enabled to point with pride to numerous talented graduates who are doing much good in their profession, and testifying by their works to the value of their *Alma Mater*.

Mrs. E. H. Cleveland, M. D., at the Woman's Hospital, will give all information relative to the studies and terms of the College.

AMUSING.—We take the following advertisement from a recent number of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:—

WANTED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to learn to make cigars, for a small sum, and constant employment given when taught. For information, call or address No. 138 S. Third Street, Merchant' Clerks' Advertising Agency (up stairs.)

Why "ladies and gentlemen?" Would not men and women, or young men and girls, do equally well? Or is this a case similar to the often quoted one—"Are you the man as wants a gentleman to black his boots for him?"

A Boise out West offers to sell Barnum the gallows on which thirty-eight Sioux Indians were executed for the "paltry sum of five thousand dollars."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Victor Hugo. By a Witness of his Life. Chez Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French. By Mrs. Sidney Jackman. (Miss Irving.) With Portrait on Steel. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 320. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This life of the author of "Notre Dame" and "Les Miserables," is probably something of an autobiography, though not claiming to be one. The woman and wife does not appear in the easy authorship of the book. There is little or none of the fond detail of domestic life, the fervid incense of praise which a proud wife offers to such a subject. The biography is, indeed, remarkably modest and impersonal. It is an animated, lively, and readable book. The scenes are pictures, the characters living people. The child-life of the hero is particularly interesting. A pleasant light of romance lingers round the garden of the Feuillantines, and the Cordier school, which fades away among the political quarrels and the literary triumphs and vexations of a later day. The mother of Victor Hugo, practical, clear-headed, ruling her three sons with almost despotic power, even while carefully abstaining from interference with their intellectual development, is the most remarkable and prominent figure in the youthful phase of his life. Dearly and ever passionately as her sons loved her, had she lived till they were older she would probably have found them rebelling against her iron rule. She forms no exception to the rule that men of genius have remarkable mothers; yet one can but wonder what last of hereditary descent could evolve from the soldierly sagacity and bravery of the father and the strong sense of the mother the poetic and eccentric genius of their famous son.

This volume is but the life of the author, Victor Hugo. Pausing at the close of the brilliant literary triumphs of his early prime, it promises that the political phase of his life, comprising the last twenty years, shall be the subject of a new publication.

POETICAL HASH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY D. DOTY.

I love thee as I love the calm —*Miss Acton.*
Which follows the decline of day, —*Byron.*
One foot on sea and one on shore,—*Shakspeare.*
Gather the rose-buds while you may.—*Herrick.*

Though old in cunning as in years, —*Gridley.*
How sweet and fair she seems to be,—*Waller.*
Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve, —*Coleridge.*
Beneath the spreading walnut tree. —*Pfeffel.*

Ask me not why I should love her, —*Bigham.*
For who the dangerous path can shun,—*Crabbe.*
A perfect woman, nobly planned,—*Wordsworth.*
Bright as a diamond in the sun. —*Holmes.*

Maiden who read'st this simple rhyme,—*Lloyd's.*
Come, if love thou bear'st for me; — *T. Moore.*
So talk two idle, buzzing things, —*Miss Pfeiffer.*
For I can only think of thee.—*G. W. Bethune.*

No more in exile will I dwell,—*Bern. de Ventadour.*
So yellow, green, and sickly too;—*T. Carew.*
Still to be powdered, still perfumed, —*Pope.*
Ain't you afraid of the bag-a-boo?—*N. Ward.*

In hours of bliss we oft have met, —*Congreve.*
Trusting to one sole star above, —*Landon.*
Where love that cannot perish grows, —*Dana.*
For love is hear'n and hear'n is love. —*Scott.*

Tush! who loves to hear thee woo,—*P. Pindar.*
Vast wit and careless tresses:—*W. M. Praed.*
Tearing my nerves with bitter pang, —*Burns.*
And two bran new silk dresses. —*Barham.*

Oh wilt thou sew my buttons on? —*Punch.*
Here, reader, turn your weeping eye;—*Dr'den.*
Without regard to Whig or Tory,—*Dean Swift.*
Mary you must come and try. —*Tom Hood.*

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A PLEASANT PRINCELY VISIT.—On the visit of the Prince of Wales to Dean Clough Mills, (says an English exchange,) a pleasing incident occurred in the vast chamber filled with a congregation of girls busy at their work. As the Prince entered, no more notice was taken of him than of any other individual. The girls drove their trade, and fixed their threads most unconcernedly, but from end to end of the room a song was heard, passed from machine to machine, and spreading around the machinery—heard everywhere—perceptibly coming from nowhere. It was Brinley Richard's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales." The effect of this subdued but perfect harmony, amidst all the bustle and life of the busy scene, was extremely touching, and highly relished by the Prince and his companions.

Queen Victoria indulged her whim for privacy to such an extent that, in taking passage for Germany, she embarked at the pier within the Woolwich dock-yard, the whole establishment having been previously closed to the public, and orders given that if a workman or clerk looked from a window while her Majesty was passing through the yard in a close carriage, he should be instantly dismissed from employment.

Gen. Fremont, it is stated, has succeeded in adjusting all the difficulties heretofore surrounding the Mariposa grant, and has settled all of his California business, which leaves him over a million and a half dollars' worth of property. He recently purchased the Phillip's Cottage, at Malmed.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, } 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MRS. M. B. GRIER,
Chairman Executive Committee.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE,
Corresponding Secretary.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

We are indebted to *The Congregationalist* for the following interesting letter from a well known chaplain, who has been long connected with the Second Massachusetts regiment:—

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN GUNT.

CITY HALL PARK,
New York, September 5, 1863.

A few days ago one of our men (a faithful man too), one who is detailed for special duty, but always takes his gun, and shares the dangers of his comrades when there is a fight), was told that his wife and child were just outside of the guard, and went to bring them in. As soon as he was in sight, his little boy, who had not seen his father since the war opened, rushed past the guard and over the tent ropes, and climbed up to his father's neck and hung there, while his father could not help the tears of delight. What is it, children? Well, some of the guard themselves put on a very soldierly air—but they wiped their eyes.—They are no worse soldiers for the memory of the little boys and girls at home, and much better men for it.

Camp life has indeed been a good deal variegated (in the city) by the presence of wives and children. It is astonishing how much the dull mess-room, which has been made a kind of general parlor, has been brightened up by family groups. While I write, two active youngsters are playing at marbles in the sacred precincts of camp; but the bayonet glistens still on the sentry posts.

The great feature which seems to distinguish this war from all others, is the great system of benevolence to the army. What other army ever had such benevolence poured out? What one ever, ever had such a mail-system as ours—so wise as it is in its effect on the mass? What other ever had the sick, the wounded, and the dying so ministered unto? The Government has done wonderfully in this direction, itself. But such outside helps were never before witnessed. They are good. They do the army good. Every child that helps sew on a garment for a soldier is doing what our Lord approves. Every stitch is a work of love. The old man who, poor, learned to knit so as to do something, in his chimney corner, for the soldiers, was a hero.

The chief among the links to home as an agency for relief is the Sanitary Commission. The more I see and hear of this institution, I am amazed at its wonderful efficiency. I regard it as chief, not as exclusive. But chief it is. I lately saw and heard more of its doings. Perhaps your readers do not know its plan beyond Washington, and you will allow me to outline it as it is in our army,—merely for furnishing supplies.

The Central Agency is, of course, at Washington. Here supplies are accumulated, and large deposits are hoo-sasry for any emergency.

In the army, each corps is supplied with a Relief Agent, who *lives in the corps.* He moves with it. He has a four horse wagon, supplied with sanitary stores—from this additional to those furnished by Government.—These wagons are generally with the ambulance train, and the Relief Agent has discretionary power to dispose of his articles. He issues them to Field Hospitals on requisitions from the medical officers there. New supplies are constantly sent, so as to have plenty on hand.

The whole arrangement is under the care (I have asked for the names) of J. Warner Johnson, (firm of Johnson & Brothers, Law Book Publishers, Philadelphia,) and Capt. Ira Harris, of New York. The Relief Agents are:—1st corps, W. A. Hovey, of Boston; 2nd, N. Murray, Jr., of New York, and Rev. J. Anderson, of California; 3rd, Col. Clemens Scott, formerly commander of 29th New York; 5th, E. M. Barton, of Worcester, Massachusetts,—a son, I think, of Judge Barton; 6th, D. S. Pope, of Baltimore; 12th, S. Hoag. And Dr. W. S. Swalm acts as Inspector in the Field. While Dr. Steiner, of Frederick, Maryland, has general charge at Washington for his army,—a man of ripe experience and qualities for the post. These names are a guarantee for efficiency. These men work for little or no pay, but they are *permanent* agents.

That this system ensures success there can be no doubt. I think I wrote you that at Chancellorsville the hospitals were well supplied with even luxuries, by the Commission, while the battle was still in progress. I am now told, on most reliable authority, that of the surgeons) that on the Thursday and Friday, the great days of the Gettysburg battles, the Sanitary Commission were distributing their stores *under fire.* In two corps (one is ours) that this was done, clear evidence also exists in the receipts given by the agents at the battle ground. I was somewhat astonished at this, as, while at home, I had read statements that some other agency was *three days in advance of* all others with supplies at Gettysburg. But as the Sanitary Commission was there while the battle was still in progress, this latter statement is evidently a mistake.

One great reason why the Sanitary Commission works so well is that it works in and by means of the regular authorities. It does not treat itself as independent of the medical officers. It distributes through the surgeons. The wisdom of this plan is evident at a glance. The surgeons know what is needed, and how to use it. An indiscriminate administering of relief by independent helps is subversive of all order. A case just in point happened—no matter where, but I know. A soldier had turned the critical point of disease, and was doing well. A benevolent individual, distributing supplies, out of a basket, gave this soldier some pickles, and I know not what else,—which he ate. The surgeon discovered it, and informed the philanthropist that the charity had probably ensured the death of the patient. In fact, it did,—within forty-eight hours.

The independent method is bad. The medical authorities are the only ones who ought to be in general entrusted with supplies. It sounds cruelty to say, "We steer the article in the hands of the soldier himself," very pretty, but very fallacious. While this course could do good occasionally, as a system it would be bad. The surgeon knows what the sick man should eat, and what he should wear. And an institution which furnishes things at the time needed is invaluable.

The independent system showed itself in hospital at Gettysburg. In one corps hospital (I have the best authority for this,) some five or six men were discovered drunk. Whence it was made, and it was found that several individuals who had come as volunteer laborers, or what that excellent book *Hospital Transports* calls "an indiscriminate holiday scramble of general philanthropy," (I quote from memory,) had been giving away liquor at random to whomever wanted it, with the result here mentioned. Difficulties also ensued from the great trouble with which needed articles could be obtained from these agents. And so with other irregularities occurred (which I do not wish to mention,) the whole band was ordered out of the lines—the second occasion on which the same agency had met that fate in the same corps. The whole trouble arose from the impossibility of harmonizing such elements, outside management with the methods which Government has established. The Sanitary Commission avoids all such complications. Another agency or agent has just written (as I read) "The Chaplains, what few there are, work with us." It would be equally cool for the Sanitary Commission to say, "The surgeons work with us," instead of taking the sensible ground which they do, that *they* work with the *surgeons.*

The Sanitary Commission has shown true wisdom, also, in its plan of employing regular and *permanent* agents. Sudden spasms of zeal do little. The Commission knows that. It takes time for men to learn their business. When taught, one man is worth twenty temporarily volunteers. The work which the Tract Societies are doing in the army is effective because they employ permanent managers, and work in harmony with the recognized religious workers of the army. Mr. Alvord, for example, (I refer to him because I know his work,) accomplished wonders, because he used all existing facilities. Finding a chaplain, or (in case there were none) some other religious man, in each of (say) a hundred regiments, he had a hundred permanent agents all his own for Christ's sake. Gathering them together, and thus exciting new fervor, holding meetings for prayer of those hundred laborers, each of whom had his own field, in which none could do the work that laborer could—a life was sent through the whole, when *outside* workers could only have made a slight impression on the circumference.

The Sanitary Commission works through the proper channels. There is therefore no outside work which in the matter of supplies can rival the Commission in cheapness, directness, or usefulness. It does a work which fathers and mothers and wives at home ought to be thankful for. It ministers to the helpless. It succors where suffering and death would often be the result of absence of succor.

Orders! What they are, I will write.

A. H. Q.

DONATIONS.

SEPTEMBER 14th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Mr. W. D. Russell, 1 cooking lamp, Aug. 18th.
Mrs. Lathrope, 1 package, Aug. 21st.
Three Friends from Wrightstown, $3.
Omitted from previous reports.

Robert Hare Powell, 104 Walnut street, 2 packages, 1 basket-fine grapes.
Lookhaven Ladies' Aid, Mrs. H. D. Barton, 1 keg.
Friendsville Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Dr. Leet, 1 keg.
Church of the Saviour, West Philada., Miss Goddard, 1 package.
School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 package.
Mrs. J. Sell, 1 package.
Chatham Aid Society, 2 boxes.
Factoryville Aid Society, 1 box.
Nittany and Bald Eagle Aid Society, Clinton co., Miss Hattie E. McCormick, 1 box.
A Friend, 1 package.
Falls' Hotel, clothing.
Mr. John Welch, clothing.
A Friend, 1 package.
Mrs. Carmail, Friendsville, Susquehanna co., 1 barrel.
The Misses Lewis, 4 packages clothing.
Mrs. Young, 945 Vine street, 1 pkg. clothing.
Hillside Aid, Kingston, 1 barrel pickles.
School Lane Circle, Mrs. I. W. Johnson, 2 packages.
J. E. Barney, Bucks county, 2 packages.
Gwynedd Ladies' Aid, 1 barrel.
Harford Ladies' Aid, 1 keg, 1 barrel containing 55 dozen eggs.
Unknown, 1 package.
Gibson Ladies' Aid, Susquehanna co., 1 box.
Mrs. Paschal, 7 bottles tomato catsup.
Mrs. M. C. Edge, Espy, Columbia co., 1 box.
West Auburn Aid Society, Susquehanna co., Miss Amy Paul, 1 box.
Mrs. Matthew Brown Salana, keg of pickles.
Mooresville Aid Society, Juniata county, Miss Lizzie J. Innis,'1 box.
Aid Society, New Paris, Bedford co., 1 box.

☞ A recent writer compares the poet Rogers' mild venom to the irritating effect which a caterpillar leaves on the skin.—"At an evening party many years since at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B——, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority.—There was a perfect chorus of admiration to this effect: 'Everything is in his favor; he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year.' Rogers, who had been carefully examining the 'young ruler,' listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked,-with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner: 'Thank Heaven, he has got bad teeth.'"

☞ In the Austrian Parliament the members vote by electricity. Before every deputy's seat are two knobs—one black, the other white. When he wants to vote "Yes," the deputy touches the white knob, and at once, a white spot appears upon a black tablet beside the President. When he desires to vote "No," he touches the black knob, and a black spot appears on a white tablet.

WELLINGTON.

George Augustus Sala, in the last number of Temple Bar, draws the following not very flattering picture of the Iron Duke:—

And, collected, curt, phlegmatic, and confident, there moves among the crowned robbers at Aix-la-Chapelle, one greater than all—one who, though cold, obtuse, obstinate, and unpersuasive (he might have saved the life both of Mural and May by raising but his little finger) was still an honest man,—F. M. the Duke of Wellington. Arthur Wellesley wants to steal no precious diadem from a shelf, to put it in his pocket. Arthur doesn't care to be a king of cheats and patches. Arthur bargains for no scraps and pancake edges of territory. Arthur has a very shrewd and practical appreciation of his own interest, and a remarkably keen eye to the main chance. To be a duke, to have Stratfield Saye, to be field-marshal, commander-in-chief, colonel of two or three regiments, constable of the Tower, chancellor of Oxford, Knight of the Garter, prime minister, these are quite enough for the modest Arthur; and, on the whole, form perhaps a condition possible to that of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, the son of a straitened Irish earl, and whom the Countess of Mornington calls her "ugly son." With what an astonishing amount of pay and sometimes adroitness has this perfectly trustworthy, intelligent, far-sighted, clever, selfish man been bepattered! He knew remarkably well on which side his bread was being buttered, and adhered to the buttered side with commendable pertinacity. His public hands were clean—albeit in private he was a cool, reasolute rogue and gamester. His motto should have been "Excelsior," for he was continually mounting, knowing that at the top of the mountain was fortune, and a coronet, and a field-marshal's baton. As a minister—a Tory minister—he justly earned the hatred of the English people; and in his decline he commanded respect only because he had lived so long that his contemporaries had forgotten his misdeeds, and another generation had grown up, too young to remember anything but the fame of his great achievements. In his last days, in his last rides up Constitution Hill, Duke Arthur had passed into the mythical state; and as a myth the mob capped and bowed the knee to him. I only wonder, seeing that he was never known to do a kindly or charitable action to any human being, that he has not been nicknamed, since his demise, "Arthur the Good."

LADIES RIDING.

Miss Doctor Harriet N. Austin, of Danville, New York, has come out in favor of ladies riding on horseback astride. The present style of riding, she says, is unsafe, ungraceful, unhealthy and unnatural.

Dr. James C. Jackson, in his work on Consumption, takes the same view. He says that the present style in which ladies ride, when long continued, is productive of numerous diseases, but thinks that if women could have dresses fitted for the purpose, and would ride astride as men do, horseback riding might be used not only as a means of occasional relief from the monotony of life, but it might be elevated into a national characteristic. The only difficulty is, that if the ladies once get the trowsers on they will not be content with wearing them only when on horseback!

THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—The Westminster Review for July contains an article entitled "Marriages of Consanguinity," the author of which has no belief in the commonly received opinion that the offspring of married cousins are, more than others, liable to scrofula, idiocy, deaf-mutism, and kindred complaints. He examines at length the statistics of several scientific men who have written treatises on the subject, and arrives at the conclusion that the deformed and diseased children of cousins are so not because of the consanguinity of their parents, but because of hereditary disorders intensified by "breeding in and in." Good qualities, he argues, are as likely to be intensified as bad, by such marriages.

WASHINGTON'S WIFE.—A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room next to that occupied by the President and his lady. Late in the evening, when the people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the amiable lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something he had done which she thought had ought to be done differently. To all this he listened in the profoundest silence; and when she too was silent, he opened his lips and spoke: "Now good sleep to you—my dear." Portraits and descriptions of her, show her to have been a pretty, agreeable, kind, little woman, from whom it could not have been so disagreeable to have a curtain lecture.

☞ The general supposition that the war in which we are now engaged is the bloodiest which has been waged in modern times, is in fact erroneous. It appears from the best historical evidence, that of one million, two hundred thousand men enrolled in the armies of France in 1813, only one hundred thousand were alive in 1814; and that the loss of the Allied Powers in the wars with Napoleon, was, according to the London Times, not less than "*ten millions of men* in the prime of life." France in the same period lost about six millions. We have not yet approached the old world in wholesale bloodshed.

☞ DYING FOR A KISS.—An inquest was held lately on the body of a young man who, in the attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl, fell down the stairs and killed himself. Not a great while since a young lady broke her neck in trying to escape a kiss. Tax question now is, shall kissing be given up as a dangerous amusement?

BULLYING THE WORLD.

Don't try to bully the world. It doesn't pay. Whoever enters the ring for a rough-and-tumble fight with Public Opinion, is pretty sure, eventually, to be "doubled up." Society is a Briareus, and who but a madman would think of encountering a hundred-armed fellow with a single pair of fists?—Better shake the multitudinous hands of the giant good naturedly, than unnecessarily provoke him to wrath. Despise the world, if it so pleases you—though to do so is a proof of arrogance, conceit and egotism—but as you have to live in the world, to lean on the world, and cannot get along *without* the world, it is just as well to treat it civilly. Shrewd men, who understand their race, never seek a quarrel with society. They understand that it is possible for an individual to persuade, lead and quietly control a community, but not to fight it down. If you desire to reform social evils, or to disabuse your fellow men of their prejudices, the surest way *not* to succeed is to resort to denunciation and abuse. Kindness, conciliation, the influence of good example —these are the true and effective means and appliances of reform. Provoke the world, set its will in arms against you, and you can never carry your point, be it what it may.—For mankind has more power to resist, than any unit of the mass has to lead. With what mildness, with what patience, with what loving kindness Christianity was taught by its Sacred Founder, and His knowledge of human nature was more profound and perfect than that of any mortal. The Evangelists and the Apostles *brought* the world to hear them: they did not attempt to *browbeat* it. "Almost thou *persuadest* me to be a Christian," said Festus to Paul. It would be well if some of our modern reformers had the courtesy and wise consideration of that great Apostle. Whether your object be to do good to the world, or to make the world of service to your own interests, don't assault it violently, for it is too strong and too obstinate to be carried by storm. Ishmael tried that plan, and it did not answer. Thousands have tried it since, and been worsted in the conflict.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

"Uncle Rupert! You promised—You promised—" "Yes, Miss Maude?" he cried, coming over relief of her faltering institution, and his eyes on her glowing face. "You promised somebody else signed Farm." "Yes, Ruth? But I am not going to let you go it. Well, Mr. Chatteway?" "Sorrial is the condition?" inquired Mr. Slopp. "Do you see the lead well. I shall Now please inserted in the lease by the next may come to be my tenant in title and my giving you a twelvemonth's they pay if I find you enjoy your pardon, Cairo, have into the management of the plantation, or you have on this head, I should take it from you." "Proved the matter with the land?" words to such "Why, in that I find the land in Mr. Slopp, have opened many upon Chicago, in lawn policy, and the invitation following ground. It is being penny mineral wealth gain, Chatteway; as you What in California the ziet-yard to re- they would be ask of Nevada there are darkened, but he The more the information. the yield. The ex- finding the person to the farm justice, been able to reason, ill lease it to me." I will mention a object me, however, you some idea of the input for Britain's In what is termed the Op- you should lead, as it is called there, from these, and Indians only land. It is five degrees. Think of the no especially nearly as far as from the after to all ways. This is all silver mingled with ye in my is more gold in value than silver silver in weight than gold. The treat- have only two hundred feet wide each of that they are now realizing seven thousand dollars a day. There is this- larity about it, that the deeper the mine, sends the richer and more profitable it comes. When I was there, they had per- trated two hundred feet. There were five chambers which they had dug out, one under the other, leaving three large pillars to support the roof. They would sink a shaft down about forty feet, make another platform, dig out the metal, leaving pillars as before, and then sink another. One of the directors told me each lower platform gave as much yield as all the other platforms combined; that is, the fifth platform was as valuable as the four above it put together. Such wealth was never a matter of contest among the powers of earth before.

FLOYD'S EPITAPH.

Floyd has died, and few have sobbed,
Since, had he lived, all had been robbed;
His's paid Dame Nature's debt, 'tis said,
The only one he ever paid.
Some doubt that he resigned his breath,
But vow he has cheated even death.
If he is buried, oh then, ye dead, beware,
Look to your swaddlings, of your shrouds take care,
Lest Floyd should to your coffins make his way
And steal the linen from your mouldering clay.

☞ One of the most interesting relics of the times of the Pilgrims has recently been uncovered by the ever-moving ocean, on the eastern shore of Orleans, Cape Cod. It is the hull of a small vessel which was wrecked in that harbor in 1627—of which a particular account is given in Bradford and Morton, under that year. A portion of it was to be seen about 80 years ago, but it has since been entirely covered by the sand and salt meadow, most of the time twenty feet deep.

☞ At a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was "Reading our own obituary notices."

☞ "Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen." "Troth, boy, Indade an' its meself that is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Shure, I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

☞ "I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter—"the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all persons on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother —say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

☞ It is related that Davenger, the actress, wears, in one of her characters at a Paris theatre, a costume valued at $180,000. One diamond in her head-dress is valued at $20 000.

☞ When Christ says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," He meant to receive them as children—playthings and all. His great heart feels for their little griefs, and His heavenly hand rests upon their young heads. He has no wish to make men and women of them before receiving them; He takes them just as they are.

☞ A lady some months ago came to Cairo with the corpse of her husband, intending to take it to his old home in the interior of the state, and actually forgot it.—She telegraphed back to have it forwarded.

done of the field with [illegible] the Chattanooga views of the [illegible] and Miss Diana Trevlyn had taken to [illegible] shade in a pretty house that [illegible] beautiful. Circumstances had favored the [illegible] of Mr. Chatteway from the [illegible] almost immediately after the [illegible] Squire Trevlyn at it; [illegible] to [illegible] say here he and the [illegible] were [illegible] along together; and, [illegible] recently have lived to [illegible] Mr. Chatteway had [illegible] Miss Diana Trevlyn had taken to [illegible] Chattanooga were [illegible] it.

Mr. Chatteway had [illegible] Chattanooga [illegible] Things were changed [illegible] the field, whether he rose up [illegible] together he lay in bed [illegible] he was reverence came to him. At the [illegible] Trevlyn he must be up early and [illegible] for the eye of a master was [illegible] crops, if the land was to yield [illegible] and by that measure he and his family [illegible] now to live. There was a serious [illegible] with Cris. It was deemed advisable for the [illegible] of both parties—that is, for Mr. Cris and his father—that the younger gentleman should enter upon some occupation of his own; but Cris resolutely refused. He could find plenty to do on the Upland Farm, he urged, and he'd not be turned out from his home. In fact, Mr. Cris had lived so long without work, that it was difficult, now he was leaving his youth behind him, to begin it. Better, as Squire Trevlyn said, that this change had been made years ago. It was hard for Cris; let us acknowledge it. He had been reared to the expectation of Trevlyn Hold and its easy revenues; he had tended it as the future master. When he rose in the morning, early or late as his inclination prompted him, he had nothing more fruitful to do before him than to take a ride on his handsome horse, his groom in attendance behind him. He had indulged in out-door sports, in hunting, shooting, fishing, as well [illegible] upon him, save how he could most [illegible] Lot get through the day, or be home under lustiful dinner. He had been at and coming or driving into Barnester, Bragg, with himself off in the streets, loung Beauregard occupation of them on foot for the benevent the transit spectators, or taking a rooms. All that was Mississippi and his great-

A late letter from [illegible] his groom would the rebels are very busy [illegible] horse meat gaining the damage done [illegible] Deserters coming into Gen. [illegible] pleasure, state that after the fort is [illegible] had fallen batteries mounted on James [illegible] her regard will assume the offensive [illegible] as he will make an attempt to regain [illegible] of Morris Island. The [illegible] room that Charleston is filled with [illegible] the course of a week Gillmore will be able to open fire on the city, having had [illegible] difficulty in placing his guns in position the North end of Morris Island.

Advices from the Army of the Po[illegible] state that the rebels appear in increasing numbers along the Rapidan River, and [illegible] resist our crossing, while showing no disposition to cross themselves.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe sta[illegible] that rumors prevail there that the rebe[illegible] have evacuated Richmond.

An extensive expedition to operate in th[illegible] state of Texas, recently left New Orleans, under command of Generals Franklin, Herron and Washburne. An unfortunate accident occurred to one portion of the expedition at Sabine Pass, near the mouth of the Mississippi, whereby we lost one small gunboat sunk and another captured.

☞ It was in the third year of the American Revolution, that Washington was compelled, in bitterness of soul, to declare "that speculation, peculation, and the insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men."

☞ General Rosecrans, being very careful of his soldiers, allows only the following articles to be sold by the sutlers to his army: Sour krout, ripe fruit, fresh vegetables, can fresh vegetables, can fresh fruits, lager bier, ale, seidlitz powders, congress water, citrate of magnesia, citric acid, bi-carbonate of soda, tartaric acid, cream of tartar. Candies, pies and other pastries are prohibited.

☞ An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text: "Ye are children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

☞ The Oil City Register says:—"The Farrell or big well is valued by its owners at one million dollars, and has cleared since it was struck, so it is rumored, over eight hundred thousand dollars to its owners. A diamond mine, if sufficiently productive, might approximate in value to a two thousand barrel well, at the present time, but no gold mine in the world yields so large a return in proportion to the working expenses, as some of these oil-wells on the banks of the Ohio."

☞ "How are you, my Anglo-Neutralico-Britannical friend?" was the inquiry addressed to a gentleman recently, in the streets of Boston. "Very well, sir, but d—n your *Anglicisms!*" was the reply.

☞ A young man in Rochdale, England, was lately trying, one evening, to obtain a glimpse of his sweetheart by peering into the house of his expected father-in-law, when the latter seized a red hot poker and thrust it through the window at the unfortunate suitor, completely knocking out his right eye.

Wit and Humor.

How a Wag Tricked the Parsons.

A late Fraser's Magazine contains an article about [illegible] and Yankees, in which the latter are represented as being very much addicted to practical jokes. The following is one of the stories told:

"You will see good-bye—where are you going?"

"Where my country calls me—to the battle-field. I have been an ingratitude laggard to remain behind so long."

A dim cause over her eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Evans. And perhaps I shall never see you again!"

"If you never should, you would realize when my stark form lay before you, just what I have always been to you. But something within me tells me that a power above that of earth, will hurl all dangers from around me. I feel that it will be so, because I shall pray so fervently that God will spare me; that He will bring me back safely to my little girl, and because I know she will pray for me."

His low, solemn voice accorded well with the sadness in her heart. There arose before her mind a vision of the far-off battle-field, the roar of cannon and the flowing of blood. Her soul sickened. She feared he would read her agony in her face.

"Yes, I will pray for you. Leave me now—I would rather that we should part here in the solemn stillness of these mighty woods."

"It will be best, perhaps. The dark, and forest is emblematical of our present—the warmth and sunshine lying beyond it is the future. We have not come to that yet—it will come to us when we are fully prepared for it. I have faith and hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Another word she could not have uttered and he waited to hear no other. In a moment more he was lost from her view, and she was left alone the dead serpent at her feet. She throwing herself prostrate on it, and weeping out the agony that [illegible] itself upon her; but [illegible] away, slowly retracing [illegible] tearless, her face wan as [illegible] lothfully

Gerard Reynolds [illegible] and you, and discover took her hand with [illegible] an accepted lover [illegible] the house of "Never," by pale, weary face. By-and-by."

"You have [illegible] love. I will [illegible] lonesome [illegible]

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

[illegible] not give [illegible]

month AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," [illegible] LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

The [illegible] her [illegible] and [illegible]

CHAPTER XLIX.

DESERTED.

The letter written by the old man to his [illegible] nieces was read aloud by Miss Sarah [illegible] the presence of the eager assembly. Among all those anxious listeners there was [illegible] one who listened more intently than Gilbert Monckton.

Maurice de Crespigny's letter was not a long one.

MY DEAR NIECES—SARAH, LAVINIA, AND ELLEN,—

"You will all three be perhaps much surprised at the manner in which I have disposed of my estate, both real and personal; but, believe me, that in acting as I have done I have been prompted by no unkind feeling against you; nor am I otherwise than duly grateful for the attention which I have received from you during my declining years."

"I think that I have done my duty; but he that as it may, I have done that which it has been my fixed intention to do for the last ten years. I have made several wills, and destroyed one after another, but they have all been in the main point to the same effect; and it has only been an old man's whimsical fancy that has prompted me to make sundry alterations in minor details. The income of two hundred a year which I have left to each of you will, I know, be more than enough for your simple wants. The three incomes, by the wording of my will, will descend to my nephew, Launcelot Darrell, after your deaths.

"I have tried to remember many old friends who have perhaps long ere this forgotten me, or who may laugh at an old man's foolish bequests.

"I do not believe that I have wronged any one; and I trust that you will think kindly of me when I am in my grave, and never speak bitterly of

"Your affectionate uncle,

"MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY.

"*Woodlands, February* 20th."

This was the old man's letter. There was not one syllable of its contents which in any way disagreed with the wording of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath; and his mother, sitting close to him, with her hand in his, could feel the clammy coldness of his fingers, and hear the loud thumping of his heart against his breast.

THE LATEST SENSATION [illegible]

—

BY ARTEMUS [illegible]

—

Wm. Baker, that [illegible] and a wild yearning [illegible] that she could not c[illegible]

[illegible] Theodore Evans! [illegible] those leaden clouds hold him within [illegible] burdens, or had his spirit soared far above them into the fearful, unknown future? [illegible] her she had passed through "the dark of [illegible] ley and shadow of death," would a [illegible] purified and shining, waft her thoughout [illegible] pearly gates of heaven? Would the fatal marriages of the soul in the "Celestial" but [illegible] or would the vows made upon earth last through eternity? The thought was [illegible] ful; she could sacrifice all the joyful [illegible] hopes of her girlhood: all the happiness, a lifetime, but to go on so forever, day's over!

An earnest prayer for aid and [illegible] known rose up from the altar of her her wife was

"Oh, my God, guide and shield him; grow blind, and weak, and room, lying Thou my eyesight and my [illegible] teach my feet the path they [illegible] wished. He

She paused, as if waiting beautiful face, to ascend to the throne of [illegible] hazel-brown troubled look slowly died [illegible] those influences a new light and were [illegible] to see his her. A something dar[illegible] soul, and the dawn of [illegible] ssing-room at the ruddel. [illegible] ootstep.

Her favorite cat, "[illegible] it a forgery!" her walk, rubbed [illegible] back into your room."

stooped and caressed, and Mr. Monckton Then she retraced [illegible] pretty little apartment, and swiftly, [illegible] modern bower of shining scraps of the [illegible] flowery chintz, and flimsy the wrong [illegible] in, frivolous and airy as the off her [illegible] herself.

sewing, [illegible] in a comfortable seat, guarroom, [illegible] Laura, offering the lawyer a was a [illegible] chintz-covered lounging-chair, so rest to bring Mr. Monckton's knees in[illegible]ventently near his chin as he sat in it. sit down and tell me all about it, for goodness gracious sake. *Is* it forged?"

"I don't know, my dear, whether the will is genuine or not. It would be a very difficult question to decide."

"But, oh! good gracious me," exclaimed Miss Mason, "how can you be so unkind as to talk about it like that, as if it didn't matter a bit whether the will is forged or not? If it isn't forged, Launcelot isn't bad; and if he isn't bad, of course I may marry him, and the wedding things won't be all wasted. I knew that something would happen to make everything come right."

"Laura," cried Mr. Monckton, "you must not talk like this. Do you know that you are no longer a child, and that you are dealing with the most solemn business in a woman's life. I do not know whether the will by which Launcelot Darrell inherits the Woodlands property is genuine or not; I certainly have reason to *think* that it *is* genuine, but I will not take upon myself to speak positively. But, however that may be, I know that he is not a good man, and you shall never marry him with my consent."

The young lady began to cry, and murmured something to the effect that it was cruel to use her so when she was ill, and had been taking cocoas of lime-draughts; but Mr. Monckton was inflexible.

"If you were to have a dozen illnesses such as this," he said, "they would not turn me from my purpose, or alter my determination. When I voluntarily took upon myself the custody of your life, Laura, I undertook that charge with the intention of accomplishing it as a sacred duty. I have faltered in that duty; for I suffered you to betroth yourself to a man whom I have never been able to trust. But it is not yet too late to repair that error. You shall never marry Launcelot Darrell."

"Why not? If he didn't commit a forgery, as Eleanor says he did, why shouldn't I marry him?"

"Because he has never truly loved you, Laura. You admit that he was Eleanor's suitor before he was yours? You admit that, do you not?"

Miss Mason pouted, and sobbed, and choked once or twice before she answered. Gilbert Monckton waited impatiently for her reply. He was about as fit to play the mentor as the young lady whom he had taken upon himself to lecture. He was blinded and maddened by passionate regret, cruel disappointment, wounded pride, every feeling which is most calculated to paralyze a man's reasoning powers, and transform a Solomon into a fool.

"Yes," Laura gasped at last; "he did propose to Eleanor first, certainly. But, then, she led him on."

"She led him on!" cried Mr. Monckton. "How!"

Laura looked at him with a perplexed expression of countenance, before she replied to this eager question.

"Oh, you know!" she said, after a pause; "I can't exactly describe how she led him on, but she *did* lead him on. She walked with him, and she talked to him; they were always talking together and leaving me out of the conversation, which was very rude of them, to say the least, for if I wasn't intellectual enough for them, and couldn't quite understand what they were talking about—for Launcelot would talk metaphysics, you know; and who *could* understand such conversation as that!—they might have talked about things I do understand, such as Byron and Tennyson. And then she took an interest in his pictures, and talked about chiaro-oscuro, and [illegible]bob, and foreshortening, and middle distances, and things, just like an artist. And then she used to let him smoke in the breakfast parlor when she was giving me my music lessons; and I should like to know who *could* play cinquepaced passages in time, with the smell of tobacco in their nose, and a fidgety young man reading a crackling newspaper, and killing flies with his pocket handkerchief against the window. And then she sat for Rosalind in his picture. But, good gracious me, it's no good going all over it; she led him on."

Mr. Monckton sighed. There wasn't much in what his ward had said, but there was quite enough. Eleanor and Launcelot had been happy and confidential together. They had talked of metaphysics, and literature, and poetry, and painting. The young artist had lounged away the summer mornings, smoking and idling, in Miss Vane's society.

There was very little in all this, certainly, but quite as much as there generally is in the history of a modern love affair. The age of romance is gone, with tournaments, and troubadours, and knight errantry; and if a young gentleman now-a-days spends money in the purchase of a private box at Covent Garden, and an extra guinea for a bouquet, or procures tickets for a fashionable flower show, and is content to pass the better part of his mornings amidst the expensive litter of a drawing-room, watching the white fingers of his beloved in the messy mysteries of *Decalomanie*, he may be supposed to be quite as sincerely devoted as if he were to plant his lady's point-lace parasol cover in his helmet, and gallop away with a view to having his head split open in her service.

Mr. Monckton hid his face in his hands, and pondered over what he had heard. Yes, his ward's foolish talk revealed to him all the secrets of his wife's heart. He could see the pretty, sunny morning room, the young man lounging in the open window, with fluttering rose-leaves all about his handsome head. He could see Eleanor seated at the piano, making believe to listen to her pupil, and glancing back at her lover. He made the prettiest cabinet picture out of these materials, for his own torment.

"Do you think Eleanor ever loved Launcelot Darrell?" he asked, by-and-by.

"*Do* I think so?" cried Miss Mason—"Why, of course I do; and that's why she tries to persuade me not to marry him. I love her, and she's very good to me," Laura added, hastily, half-ashamed of having spoken unkindly of the friend who had been so patient with her during the last few days. "I love her very dearly; but if she hadn't cared for Launcelot Darrell, why did she go against my marrying him?"

Gilbert Monckton groaned aloud. Yes, it must be so. Eleanor had loved Launcelot, and her sudden anger, her violent emotion, had arisen out of her jealousy. She was not a devoted daughter, nursing a dream of vengeance against her dead father's foe; but a jealous and vindictive woman, bent upon avenging an infidelity against herself.

"Laura," said Mr. Monckton, "call your maid, and tell her to pack your things without a moment's delay."

"But why?"

"I am going to take you abroad—immediately."

"Oh, good gracious! And Eleanor—"

"Eleanor will stay here. You and I will go to Nice, Laura, and cure ourselves of our follies—if we can. Don't bring any unnecessary load of luggage. Have your most useful dresses and your linen packed in a couple of portmanteaus, and let all be ready in an hour's time. We must leave Windsor by the four o'clock train."

"And my wedding things—what am I to do with them?"

"Pack them up. Burn them, if you like," answered Gilbert Monckton, leaving his ward to get over her astonishment as she best might.

He encountered her maid in the passage.

"Miss Mason's portmanteau must be packed in an hour, Jane," he said. "I am going to take her away at once for change of air."

Mr. Monckton went down stairs to his study, and shutting himself in, wrote a very long letter, the composition of which seemed to give him a great deal of trouble.

He looked at his watch when this letter was finished, folded, and addressed. It was a quarter past two. He went up-stairs once more to Laura's dressing-room, and found that young lady in the wildest state of confusion, doing all in her power to hinder her maid, under the pretence of assisting her.

"Put on your bonnet and shawl and go down stairs, Laura," Mr. Monckton said, decisively. "Jane will never succeed in packing those portmanteaus while you are fidgeting her. Go down into the drawing-room, and wait there till the boxes are packed and we're ready to start."

"But mustn't I go and say good-bye to Eleanor?"

"Is she still in her own room?"

"Yes, sir," the maid answered, looking up from the portmanteau before which she was kneeling. "I peeped into Mrs. Monckton's room just now, and she was fast asleep. She has had a great deal of fatigue in nursing Miss Mason."

"Very well, then, she had better not be disturbed."

"But if I'm going to Nice," remonstrated Laura, "I can't go so far away without saying good-bye to Eleanor. She has been very kind to me, you know."

"I have changed my mind," Mr. Monckton said; "I've been thinking over the matter, and I've decided on not taking you to Nice. Torquay will do just as well."

Miss Mason made a wry face.

"I thought I was to have change of scene," she said; "Torquay isn't change of scene, for I went there once when I was a child. I might have forgotten Launcelot in quite a strange place, where people talk bad French and wear wooden shoes, and everything is different; but I shall never forget him at Torquay."

Gilbert Monckton did not notice his ward's lamentation:

"Miss Mason will want you with her, Jane," he said to the girl. "You will get yourself ready, please, as soon as you've packed those portmanteaus."

He went down-stairs again, gave his orders about a carriage to take him to the station, and then walked up and down the drawing-room waiting for his ward.

In half-an hour both she and her maid were ready. The portmanteaus were put into the carriage—the mail-phaeton which had brought Eleanor to Hazlewood two years before—and Mr. Monckton drove away from Toldale Priory without having uttered a word of adieu to his wife.

CHAPTER I.

GILBERT'S LETTER.

It was late in the afternoon when Eleanor awoke, aroused by the clanging of the dinner-bell in the cupola above her head. She had been worn out by her patient attendance upon Laura during the last week, and had slept very heavily, in spite of her anxiety to hear what had happened at the reading of the will. She had seen very little of her husband since the night of Mr. de Crespigny's death, and though the coldness and restraint of his manner had much distressed her, she had no idea that he was actually alienated from her, or that he had suffered his mind to become filled with suspicions against her.

She opened the door of her room, went out into the corridor, and listened. But all was very still. She could only hear the faint jingling of glass and silver in the hall below, as the old butler went to and fro putting the finishing touches to the dinner-table.

"Mr. Monckton might have come to me, to tell me about the will," she thought: "he must surely know how anxious I am to hear what has been done."

She bathed her flushed face, and dressed for dinner as usual. She put on a black silk dress, out of respect for her father's friend, whose funeral had been solemnized during her sleep, and with a black lace shawl upon her shoulders she went down-stairs to look for her husband.

She found all very quiet—unnaturally quiet. It is strange how soon the absence of an accustomed inhabitant makes itself felt in a house, however quiet the habits of that missing person. Eleanor looked into the drawing-room and the study, and found them both empty.

"Where is Mr. Monckton?" she asked of the old butler.

"Gone, ma'am."

"Gone!"

"Yes, ma'am; two hours ago, a'most.—"You knew he was going, didn't you, ma'am?"

The old man's curiosity was excited by Eleanor's look of surprise.

"Didn't you know as master was a-going to take Miss Mason away to the sea side, for change of air, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I knew that he was going to do so, but not immediately. Did Mr. Monckton leave no message for me?"

"He left a letter, ma'am. It's on the mantelpiece in the study."

Eleanor went to her husband's room with her heart beating high, and her cheeks flushed with indignation against him for the slight he had put upon her. Yes; there was the letter, sealed with his signet-ring. He was not generally in the habit of sealing his letters, so he must have looked upon this as one of some importance. Mrs. Monckton tore open the envelope. She turned pale as she read the first few lines of the letter. It was written over two sheets of note paper, and began thus:

"ELEANOR,—

"When I asked you to be my wife, I told you that in my early youth I had been deceived by a woman whom I loved very dearly, though not as dearly as I have since loved you. I told you this, and I implored you to remember my blighted youth, and to have pity upon me. I entreated you to spare me the anguish of a second betrayal, a second awakening from my dream of happiness.

"Surely, if you had not been the most cruel of women, you would have been touched by the knowledge that I had already suffered so bitterly from a woman's treachery, and you would have had mercy upon me. But you had no mercy. It suited you to come back to this neighborhood, to be near your former lover, Launcelot Darrell."

The letter dropped from Eleanor's hands as she read these words.

"My former lover!" she cried; "my lover, Launcelot Darrell! Can my husband think that? Can he think that I ever loved Launcelot Darrell?"

She picked up the letter, and seated herself at her husband's writing-table. Then she deliberately re-perused the first page of the lawyer's epistle.

"How could he write such a letter!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "How could he think such cruel things of me after I had told him the truth—after I had revealed the secret of my life!"

She went on with the letter:—

"From the hour of our return to Toldale, Eleanor," wrote Gilbert Monckton, "I knew the truth—the hard and cruel truth—very difficult for a man to believe, when he has built up his life and mapped out a happy future under the influence of a delusion which leaves him desolate when it melts away. I knew the worst. I watched you as a man only watches the woman upon whose truth his every hope depends, and I saw that you still loved Launcelot Darrell. By a hundred evidences, small in themselves, but damning when massed together, you betrayed your secret. You had made a mercenary marriage, looking to worldly advantages to counterbalance your sacrifice of feeling; and you found too late that the sacrifice was too hard for you to bear.

"I watched you day by day and hour by hour: and I saw that as the time for Laura's marriage approached, you grew hourly more unhappy, more restless, more impatient and capricious in your manner towards Launcelot.

"On the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death the storm burst. You met Launcelot Darrell in the Woodlands garden—perhaps by chance, perhaps by appointment. You tried to dissuade him against the marriage with Laura, as you had tried to dissuade Laura from marrying him; and failing in this, you gave way to a frenzy of jealousy, and accused your false lover of an impossible crime.

"Remember, Eleanor, I accuse you of no deadly sin; no *deliberate* treachery to me.—The wrong you have done me lies in the fact that you married me, while your heart was still given to another. I give you credit for having tried to conquer that fatal attachment, and I attribute your false accusations against Launcelot Darrell to a mad impulse of jealousy, rather than the studied design of a base woman. I try to think well of you, Eleanor, for I have loved you most dearly; and the new life that I had made for myself owed all its brightness to my hope of winning your regard. But it is not to be so. I bow my head to the decree, and I release you from a bond that has no doubt grown odious to you.

"I beg you, therefore, to write me a final letter, demanding such terms of separation as you may think fit. Let the ground of our parting be incompatibility of temper. Everything shall be done to render your position honorable; and I trust to you to preserve the name of Gilbert Monckton's wife without taint or blemish. Signora Picotrillo will no doubt act for you in this business, and consent to assume the position of your guardian and friend. I leave you in full possession of Toldale Priory, and I go to Torquay with my ward, whence I shall depart for the Continent as soon as our separation has been adjusted, and my business arrangements made.

"My address for the next fortnight will be the post-office, Torquay.

"GILBERT MONCKTON."

This was the letter which the lawyer had written to his young wife. Its contents were like a thunderbolt in the shock which they caused to Eleanor's senses. She sat for a long time reading it over and over again. For the first time since her marriage she put aside the thought of her revenge, and began to think seriously of something else.

It was too cruel. Unmixed indignation was the feeling which took possession of her mind. She had no comprehension of the despair which had filled Gilbert Monckton's breast as he wrote that farewell letter. She did not know how the strong man had done battle with his suspicions, struggling with every new doubt, and conquering it as it arose, only to be conquered himself at last, by the irresistible force of circumstances, every one of which seemed a new evidence against his wife. Eleanor could not know this. She only knew that her husband had most bitterly wronged her, and she could feel nothing but indignation—yet.

She tore the letter into a hundred fragments. She wanted to annihilate its insulting accusations. How dared he think so vilely of her? Then a feeling of despair sank into her breast, like some actual burden, chill and heavy, that bowed her down to the earth, and for the time paralyzed her energies.

Nothing but failure had met her upon every side. She had been too late in her attempt to see Maurice de Crespigny before his death. She had failed to prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; though the evidence of his crime had been in her hands, though she had been herself the witness of his wrong-doing. Everything had been against her. The chance which had thrown her across the pathway of the very man she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] looked about her, might have been here; but for Launcelot Darrell.

She looked back at the old house, gleaming redly behind the leafless branches of the bare oaks that sheltered it. She could see the oriel window of the morning room that Gilbert Monckton had furnished on purpose for her; the dark crimson of the voluminous curtains, and a Parian statuette, of his own choosing, glittering whitely against the red light of the fire within. She saw all this, and regretted it; but her pride was soothed by the thought that she was running away from the luxurious home and all its elegance, to go out alone into a bleak, uncomfortable world.

"He shall know, at least, that I did not marry him for the sake of a fine house and horses and carriages," she thought, as she watched the terrace chimneys disappear behind the trees. "However meanly he thinks of me, he shall have no cause to think that."

It was still very early in the day when Eleanor arrived in London. She was determined not to go to the Signora, since she must relate all that had happened, and would no doubt have considerable difficulty in convincing her old friend that she had chosen the right course.

"The Signora would want me to go back to Toldale, and to try and justify myself in the opinion of Gilbert Monckton," Eleanor thought. "But I will never humiliate myself to him. He has wronged me; and the consequences of that wrong must rest upon his own head."

You see this young lady's nature was as undisciplined as it had been in her girlhood, when she flung herself on her knees in the little Parisian chamber to take an oath of vengeance against her father's destroyer. She had not yet learnt to submit. She had not yet learnt the most sublime lesson that the Gospel teaches, to suffer unmerited wrong, and take it patiently.

The letter she had written to Gilbert Monckton was very brief.

"Gilbert," she wrote, "you have most cruelly wronged me, and I cannot doubt that the day will come in which you will know how baseless your suspicions have been. Every word that I uttered in Mr. de Crespigny's house upon the night of his death was true. I am quite powerless to prove my truth, and I cannot be content to see Launcelot Darrell triumph. The mystery of the lost will is more than I can comprehend, but I declare that it was in my possession five minutes before I met you in the garden. If ever that will should be found, my justification will be found with it. I look to you to watch my interests in this matter, but I am quite incapable of remaining an inmate of your house while you think me the base creature I should be if my accusations against Launcelot Darrell were in the slightest degree false. I will never return to Toldale until my truth has been proved. You need not fear that I will do anything to bring discredit upon your name. I go out into the world to get my own living, as I have done before.

"ELEANOR MONCKTON."

This letter expressed very little of the indignation which filled Eleanor's breast. Her pride revolted against the outrage which her husband had inflicted upon her; and she suffered all the more acutely because beneath her apparent indifference there lurked, in the innermost recesses of her heart, a true and pure affection for this cruel Gilbert Monckton, whose causeless suspicions had so deeply wounded her.

In proportion to the strength of her love was the force of her indignation, and she went away from Toldale with angry thoughts raging in her breast, and buoying her up with a most factitious courage.

This influence was still at work when she reached London. She had only a few pounds in her purse, and it was necessary therefore that she should begin to get her own living immediately. She had thought of this during her journey between Windsor and London, and had determined what to do. She took a cab, and drove to a quiet little hotel in the neighborhood of the Strand, left her portmanteau and other packages there, and then walked to a certain institution for governesses in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square. She had been there before, during her residence with the Signora, to make an inquiry about pupils for the pianoforte, but had never given her name to the principal.

"I must call myself by a new name," she thought, "if I want to hide myself from Gilbert Monckton and from the Signora. I must write to her directly, by-the-by, poor dear, and tell her that I am safe and well; or else she will be making herself unhappy about me, directly she hears I have left Toldale."

The principal of the Governess' Institution was a stately maiden lady, with a rustling silk dress and glossy braids of gray hair under a cap of point lace. She received Eleanor with solemn graciousness, demanded her requirements and her qualifications, and then, with a gold pencil-case poised lightly between the tips of her taper fingers, deliberated for a few minutes.

Eleanor sat opposite to her, watching her face very anxiously. She wanted some home, some asylum, some hiding-place from a world that seemed altogether against her. She scarcely cared where or what the place of refuge might be. She wanted to get away from Gilbert Monckton, who had wounded and insulted her; and from Launcelot Darrell, whose treachery was always strong enough to triumph over the truth.

But of course she didn't say this. She only told that she wanted a situation as resident governess, nursery governess, or companion, and that the amount of salary was of very little importance to her.

"I understand," the lady principal replied, slowly, "I perfectly understand your feeling, Miss—Miss—"

"My name is Villars," Eleanor answered quickly, looking down at her muff as she spoke.

The lady principal's eyes followed hers, and looked at the muff too. It was a very handsome sable muff, which had cost five-and-twenty pounds, and had been given by Mr. Monckton to his wife at the beginning of the winter. It was not at all in accord with Eleanor's plain merino dress and woollen shawl, or with her desire to go out as a governess without consideration of salary. Miss Barkham, the lady principal, began to look rather suspiciously at her visitor's handsome face, and forgot to finish the sentence which she had only just commenced.

"You can command excellent references, Miss Villars, I suppose?" she said, coldly.

Eleanor flushed crimson. Here was an insurmountable difficulty at the very outset.

"References," she stammered, "will references be necessary?"

"Most decidedly. We could not think of sending out any young lady from this establishment who could not command first-class references or testimonials. Some people are satisfied with written testimonials; for myself, I consider a personal reference indispensable, and I would not upon my own authority engage any lady without one."

Eleanor looked very much distressed. She had no idea of diplomatising or prevaricating. She blurted out the truth all at once, unappalled by the stern glances of Miss Barkham.

"I can't possibly give you a reference," she said, "my friends do not know that I am in search of a situation, and they must not know it. I assure you that I belong to a very respectable family, and am quite competent to do what I profess to do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POSTHUMOUS COQUETRY.

Oh, when, in death, my heart shall break,
And rest from all its woes,
Put, then, some rouge upon my cheek,
And pencil o'er my brows.
I would, in this my last repose,
As when his vows he paid,
Retain upon my cheek the rose,
And on my brow the shade.

Let no pale winding sheet enshrine
My form, when I am dead;
But let my robe of muslin fine
Adorn my limbs instead.
That dear robe was my dress preferred;
I wore it on the day
When I attracted *his* regard,
And gave my heart away.

And let my laced pillow there,
Upon my narrow bed,
Decked only with my floating hair,
Support my dreamless head.
That pillow, in our nightly rest,
Hath both our heads sustained,
And counted every kiss he pressed
On lips still unprofaned.

And place between my fingers slight,
As held by me in prayer,
The rosary, of opals bright,
Our bishop bade me wear.
I still would clasp its cross divine,
When in my lonely grave,
For sweetest lips have told on mine
Each *Pater* and each *Ave*.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

(CONCLUDED.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIV.

NEWS FOR MAUDE.

You should have seen the procession going up the avenue. Not that first night; the night of the return of Squire Trevlyn, but in the broad glare of the noonday following. How Squire Trevlyn contrived to make things straight with the superintendent, Bowen, he best knew, but they *were* made straight; poor misguided Rupert was a free man again, and Policeman Dumps was the busiest of the lot in helping to move him.

The easiest carriage that the Hold afforded was driven to the lodge for Rupert. A shrunken, emaciated object he looked as he tottered down the ladder of a staircase, Squire Trevlyn with his powerful frame standing below to catch him did he make a false step. George Ryle was ready with his protecting arm, and Mr. King, talkative as ever, followed close behind. Old Canham stood leaning on his stick, and Ann, shrinking into herself in her humble fashion, curtsied behind the door.

"It is the proudest day of my life, Master Rupert, to see you come to your rights, re-instated, as the heir to Trevlyn," cried old Mark, stepping forward.

"Thank you for all, Mark!" cried Rupert, impulsively, as he held out his hand. "If I live, you shall see that I can be grateful."

"You'll live fast enough now," interposed the squire in his loud tone of authority. "If King does not bring you round in no time, he and I shall quarrel."

"Good-by, Ann," said Rupert. "I owe you more than I can ever repay. She has waited on me night and day, Uncle Rupert; she has laid down on that hard settle at night, and had no other bed since I have been here. She has offended all her places of work to stop at home to attend on me."

Poor Ann Canham's tears were dropping at the words of kindness.

"I shall get my places back, sir, I dare say. All I hope is, that you'll soon be about again, Master Rupert—and that you'll be pleased to excuse the ill accommodation father and me have been obliged to give you."

Squire Trevlyn stood and looked at her.

"Don't let it break your heart if the places do not come back to you, Ann Canham. What did you earn by them—five shillings per week?"

"Oh, no, sir; there was hardly ever a week that I got so much as that."

Mr. Rupert will settle that upon you from to-day. Don't be overcome, woman. It is only fair, you know, that if he has put your living in peril, he should make it good to you."

She was too much overcome to answer; she sat down on the settle and sobbed, and she spoke stepped out with Rupert and found himself in the midst of a crowd. The almost incredible news of his return had spread far and wide, and people of all grades and degrees were flocking to the Hold to see him with their own eyes, and to welcome him home. Old men, friends of the late Squire Trevlyn; middle-aged men, who had been hot-headed youths when he, Rupert, went away to exile and supposed death; younger ones, who had been children then and could not remember him, all were there. The chairman of the magistrate's bench himself—grave now in the eyes of the world as became his position, but with a suggestive consciousness that could not wholly ignore certain youthful escapades in which he had been a sharer with the very man now resuscitated as it were from death—helped Rupert into the carriage. These magistrates were not likely to be harsh upon the younger Rupert. Magistrates are but men; and those of Barmester had their private likings and dislikings. They'd a great deal rather have seen Chattaway transported than Rupert Trevlyn; and they could not help themselves fog there was no prosecutor.

The chairman helped Rupert into the carriage, and shook hands twenty times with the squire, and entwined his arm within that gentleman's to accompany him to the Hold. The carriage went at a foot pace, Mr. King being inside it with Rupert.

"Go slowly; he must not be shaken," were the surgeon's orders to the coachman.

The spectators looked on at the young heir as he leaned his head back on the soft lining of the carriage, which had been thrown open to the fine day. The air seemed to revive Rupert greatly. The warm sun played on his face; lighting up its emaciation, its suspicious hectic, the dead look of the golden curls that surrounded it as a halo; and though some of them started at first at the change, they fitfled to detect the ominous nature of the signs. That the face, always a beautiful one, had never looked more beautiful than it looked now, was indisputable; and beauty is a great covering to the ravages of disease.

They watched him as he talked with George Ryle, who walked with his arm on the carriage door; they shouted out "Long live Trevlyn's heir!" they pressed round to get a word with him. Rupert, emancipated from the close confinement, from the terrible *dread* that had been upon him, felt as an imprisoned bird released from its cage—felt as we can imagine we might feel were wings bestowed upon us, and we took our flight to soar to those blissful regions to which we all of us hope some time to attain; and his spirits went up to fever-heat.

He held out his hands to one and to another; he laughingly told them that in a week's time he should be in a condition to run a race with the best of them; he accepted half a dozen invitations on the spot. "But you needn't expect him," put in Mr. King by way of warning. "By the time he is well enough to go out gallavanting, I shall order him off to a warmer climate."

"Why not order him at once, doctor?" cried one.

The surgeon coughed before he replied.

"Not just yet. He must get a little stronger first."

As Rupert stepped out of the carriage, he saw, among the sea of faces pressing round, one face that struck upon his notice above all others, in its yearning eagerness, its earnest sympathy, and he held out his hand impulsively. It was that of Jim Sanders, and as the boy sprang forward in answer, he burst into tears.

"You and I must be better friends than ever, Jim. Cheer up. What's the matter?"

"It's to see you looking like this, sir. Mr. Rupert, you'll get well, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I feel all right now, Jim. A little tired, perhaps. You come up and see me, to-morrow, and I'll tell my uncle what you are and all about you."

Standing at the door of the drawing-room, in an uncertain sort of attitude, was Mr. Chattaway. He was evidently undecided whether to receive the offending Rupert with a welcome, to burst forth into a reproach for the past, by way of relief to his feelings, or to run away altogether and hide himself. Rupert decided it by walking direct up to him and holding out his hand.

"Let us be friends, Mr. Chattaway. I have heartily repented of the mad passion in which I set fire to the rick, and I do thank you for absolving me from the consequences. Perhaps you are sorry on your side for the treatment that drove me to it. We will be good friends, if you like."

But Mr. Chattaway did not respond to the generous feeling or touch the offered hand. He muttered something about its having been Rupert's fault, not his, and disappeared. Somehow he did not stand the keen eye of Squire Trevlyn that was fixed upon him.

In truth it was a terrible time for Chattaway, and the man was living out his punishment. All his worst dread had come upon him without warning; a dread which at the best he had perhaps looked upon as dreams of pleasing, emanating but from his own wild imagination. That dread in its worst extent had overtaken him, and he could not rebel against it. There might be no attempt to dispute the claims of Squire Trevlyn; no standing out for his keeping possession of the Hold; Mr. Chattaway was as completely deposed as though he had never held it.

Rupert *was* installed in his large and luxurious room; everything being pressed into it that could in the least contribute to his ease and comfort.

Rupert Trevlyn (speaking of the squire now) had been tenderly attached to his brother Joe when they were boys together.—He so robust, so manly; Joe so delicate; it may be, that the want of strength in the younger only rendered him dearer to the elder brother. As it is in the nature of weakness to cling to strength, so it is in the nature of strength to protect and love the weak; of all our children we love the frailest and weakest the best; the one least physically capable to go through and contend with the battle of life. Perhaps it was but the old affection for Joe transferred now to the son; certain it was that the squire's love had already grown for Rupert, and all good care was lavished on him.

But as the days went on it became evident to all that Rupert had only gone home to die. The removal over, the excitement of those wonderful changes toned down, the sad fact that he was certainly fading grew on Squire Trevlyn. Somebody suggested that the warmer climate should be tried; but Mr. King, on being appealed to, answered as he had answered in the carriage—that Rupert must get stronger first; and the tone of his voice was as significant now as it had been then.

Squire Trevlyn noticed it. Later, when he had the surgeon to himself, he spoke to him.

"King, you are concealing the danger! Can't we move him?"

"I would have told you it before, squire, had you asked me. As to moving him to a warmer place—certainly he could be moved, but he would only go there to die, and the very fatigue of moving him, the journey, would shorten his life."

"I don't believe it," retorted the squire, awaking out of his pause of dismay. "You are a croaker, King. I'll call in a doctor from Barmester."

"Call them all in if you like, squire; if it will give you satisfaction. When they come to understand his case, they will tell you as I do."

"Do you mean to say that he must die?"

"I fear he must: and speedily. The day before you came home I tried his lungs, and from that moment I have known there was no hope. The disease must have been upon him for some time; I suppose he inherits it from his father."

The same night Squire Trevlyn sent for a physician. An eminent man. But he only confirmed the opinion of Mr. King. All that remained now was to break the tidings to Rupert; and to lighten, so far as might be, his passage to the grave.

But a word must be spoken of the exodus of Mr. Chattaway and his family from the Hold. That they must inevitably leave it had been unpleasantly clear to Mr. Chattaway from the very hour of Squire Trevlyn's arrival. He gave a day or two to the digesting of the dreadful necessity, and then he began to turn his thoughts practically to the future.

Squire Trevlyn had promised not to take from him anything he might have put by of his ill gotten gains. These gains, though a fair sum, were not sufficient to enable him to live and keep his family, and Mr. Chattaway knew that he must do something to eke them out. His thoughts turned, not unnaturally, upon the Upland Farm, and he asked Squire Trevlyn to let him have the lease of it.

"I'll let you have it upon one condition," said the squire. "I should not choose for my sister Edith to sink down into obscurity, but she may live upon the Upland Farm without losing caste; it is a fine place, both as to its land and its residence. Therefore, I'll let it you, I say, upon one condition."

Maude Trevlyn happened to be present at this conversation. She started forward in the moment's impulse.

"Oh, Uncle Rupert! You promised—you promised—"

"Well, Miss Maude?" he cried, coming to the relief of her faltering hesitation, and fixing his eyes on her glowing face.

Maude timidly continued.

"I thought you promised somebody else the Upland Farm."

"That favorite of yours and of Rupert's, George Ryle? But I am not going to let him have it. Well, Mr. Chattaway?"

"What is the condition?" inquired Mr. Chattaway.

"That you use the land well. I shall have a clause inserted in the lease by which you may cease to be my tenant at any time by my giving you a twelvemonth's notice; and if I find you carry your pernicious nature into the management of the Upland Farm, or you have an idle hind, I shall surely take it from you."

"What is the matter with the land?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"The matter is that I find the land impoverished. You have spared money upon it in your mistaken policy, and the inevitable result has supervened. It is being penny wise and pound foolish, Chattaway; as you were when you suffered the rick-yard to remain unfenced."

Mr. Chattaway's face darkened, but he made no reply to the allusion.

"I'll undertake to do the farm justice, Squire Trevlyn, if you will lease it to me."

"Very well, I will. Let me, however, candidly advise you that, but for Edith's sake, I'd see you starve before you should have had a homestead on this land. It is my habit to be plain: I must be especially so with you. I suffer from you in all ways, James Chattaway. I suffer always in my nephew Rupert. When I think of the treatment dealt out to him from you, I can scarcely refrain from treating you to a taste of the punishment you inflicted upon him. It is possible, too, that had the boy been more tenderly cared for, he might have had strength to resist this disease which has crept upon him. About that I cannot speak: it must lie between you and God: his father, with every comfort, could not escape it, it seems; and possibly Rupert might not."

Mr. Chattaway made no reply. The squire, after a pause, during which he had been plunged in thought, continued.

"I suffer also in the matter of the thousand pound debt of Thomas Ryle's, and I have a great mind—do you hear me, James Chattaway?—I have a great mind that the refunding of it should come out of your pocket instead of mine; even though I had to get it from you by suing for so much of the means profits."

"The refunding the debt!" repeated Mr. Chattaway, looking as if he would never understand anything again. "Refunding it to whom?"

"To the Ryles of course. That money was as surely given by my father to them on his death-bed as that I am here, talking to you. I feel, I know, that it was; that Thomas Ryle, ever a man of veracity, spoke the truth when he asserted it. Do you think I can do less than refund it? I don't, if you do."

"George Ryle does not want it; he is capable of working for his living," was the only answer Mr. Chattaway in his anger could give.

"I do not suppose he will want it," was the quiet remark of Squire Trevlyn; "I dare say he'll manage to do without it. It is to Mrs. Ryle that I shall refund it, sir. Between you all, I find that she was cut off with a shilling at my father's death."

Mr. Chattaway liked the conversation less and less. He deemed it might be as agreeable to leave details to another opportunity, and withdrew. Squire Trevlyn looked round for Maude. He discerned her at the very end of the room, her head bent in a sorrowful fashion. The squire suddenly raised it, and found the face pale and weary.

"What's this for, young lady; because I don't let Mr. George Ryle the Upland Farm? You great goose! I have reserved a better one for him."

The tone was very peculiar, and she raised her timid eyelids.

"A better one?" she stammered.

"Yes. Trevlyn Hold."

Maude looked aghast.

"What do you mean, Uncle Rupert?"

"My dear, but for this unhappy flat which appears to have gone forth for your brother Rupert, perhaps I might have let the Upland Farm to George. As it is, I cannot part with both of you; if poor Rupert is to be taken from me, you must remain."

She looked at him, her lips apart, utterly unable to understand.

"And as you appear not to be inclined to part with Mr. George, all that can be done in the matter, so far as I see, is that we must have him at the Hold."

"Oh, Uncle Rupert!" And Maude's head and her joyous tears were hidden in the loving arms that were held out to shelter her.

"Child! child! Did you think I had come home to make my dead brother's children unhappy? You will know me better soon, Maude."

CHAPTER XLV.

A BETTER HEIRSHIP.

A short while, and people had settled down into their places. Squire Trevlyn was [illegible] of the Hold, [illegible] Rupert [illegible] Mr. Chattaway [illegible] Maude [illegible] Miss Diana Trevlyn [illegible] Hold. The company of the Upland Farm, who only remained to [illegible] [illegible] was not up till quite [illegible] [illegible] would be on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

hatred and contempt which Squire Ryle bore Jesse, and the very fact that Maude loved him, in many he said, had changed position, was sufficient to vex her closest personal enemies. She had become the daughter whose days must be passed beating gentleness and quelling into the obtuse minds of her rebellious sisters; Maude, the young lady of Treviyn Hold. Whether things would go on as they had begun, it was difficult to tell; for the square that frequently took place between Octave and her pupils disturbed to a grave degree the peace of the Upland Farm. Octave was impatient, fretful, and taunting; they were cold-willed, terrifying, and disobedient. Notes and quarrels were incessant; and it came now and then to blows. Octave's temper urged her to personal correction, and the girls, goaded to it, retorted in kind.

It was hard for Octave; it was different; she may be no favorite with us, but let us be just. It is in human nature to exaggerate sorrow, and Octave not only exaggerated hers, but did what she could wilfully to increase it. Instead of patiently sitting down to her new duties, and striving to perform them, praying that they might in time become pleasant, that her change of position might be soothed to her, she steeled herself against them and augmented her chagrin by every possible means. A terrible jealousy of Maude had taken possession of her; it had long been smouldering; and she did what she could to enhance it. There was a gate in their grounds which overlooked the highway leading to Treviyn Hold, and it seemed to be Octave's delight to go and stand there on the watch, at the hour when she might expect Maude to pass. Not a day went by but Maude drove out with her uncle. Sometimes in the open carriage—a new one which the squire had purchased—sometimes in a close carriage, according to the weather, but always with the marks of wealth and position, the fine horses, the attendant servants—Miss Maude Treviyn, of Treviyn Hold. And Octave would watch stealthily until they were out of sight, and gather in fresh food for her unhappy state of envy until the next day. It would seem most strange that she should thus like to torment herself; but that the human heart is full of such anomalies.

One day that she was standing there Mrs. Ryle passed. And, speaking of Mrs. Ryle, it may be as well remarked that, Mr. Chattaway excepted, she seemed to be most aggrieved—not at her brother's return, but at some of the results of that return. In the certainty of Rupert's not living to succeed—and it was all too great a certainty now—Mrs. Ryle had again cherished hopes for her son Treviyn. The first intimation she had received of Rupert's undoubted state, came to her in what may be called an incidental manner. She had been exceedingly vexed when she heard of the Upland Farm being leased to Mr. Chattaway. She allowed her resentment to smoulder for a time, but one day it burst forth, and she so far forgot herself, forgot past obligations, as to demand of George whether he thought that two masters would answer upon Treviyn Farm, and she hinted that it was time he was away from it, and made room for Treve.

George, though his cheek burnt—for her, not for himself—answered, with the calmest equanimity: That he expected shortly to be away from it—to relieve her of his presence, Treve of his advice and help.

"But you have not got the Upland!" she reiterated. "And I have been told this morning that the other farm you thought of is let over your head."

"Stay, mother," was George's answer. "You are ready, I see, to blame Squire Treviyn for letting those farms, and not to me; but my views are altered. I do not now wish for the Upland, or any other farm. Squire Treviyn has proposed something else to me; that I should manage his own land for him."

"Manage his own land for him!" she repeated. "Do you mean the land attached to Treviyn?"

"Yes."

"And where shall you live?"

"With him. At Treviyn Hold."

Mrs. Ryle could scarcely speak for amazement.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed, staring excessively at the smile hovering on his lips, and which he vainly endeavored to suppress. "What can be the meaning of it?"

"It is an assured fact, unhappily, that Rupert cannot live. Squire—"

"Who says it is?" she interrupted. "Who says he cannot live?"

"The medical men," answered George. And he proceeded to inform her of the advice which had been called in to Rupert—of the adverse opinion given of poor Rupert's state. "But for this, Squire Treviyn would have no need of me," he continued. "Had Rupert regained his health and strength, he would have filled this place. But he will not regain it, and Squire Treviyn spoke to me." George did not add that at first he fought with Squire Treviyn against going to the Hold, *de haut en bas*—for indeed it was as nothing else. He would rather make his own fortune, than have it made for him. Very well, the squire answered with equanimity, he could give up the Hold if he liked, but he must give up Maude with it. And you may guess whether George would do that.

But Mrs. Ryle did not suspect her son of it; she could not see things clearly.

"Of course, I can understand that Rupert Treviyn would have held sway on the estate, would have looked after it, just as it can would do; but what my brother can mean by wanting a 'manager'—by taking you—I cannot understand. And you my own flesh and blood—I shall never marry. Treviyn Hold will be as securely theirs as though I bequeathed it to them by deed of gift."

"Rupert, this is a blow for my son."

"If you persist in considering it so, I cannot help that," was the reply of Squire Treviyn. "It must have been very foolish of you, Maude, ever to cast a thought to your son's succeeding, while Joe's children were alive."

"Foolish! when one of my sons—my step-son, at any rate—is to succeed, as it seems!"

The squire laughed.

"You must talk to Maude about that.—They had settled plans together before I came home. If Treve turns out all he should be, I may remember him before I die, Maude. Treviyn Farm was originally the birthright of the Ryles; perhaps I may make it so again in the person of Treve.—There! don't let us go on discussing: it will bring no good. Will you see Rupert?"

She had the sense to see that if the discussion were prolonged until night, it would indeed be productive of nothing, and rose to follow him into the next room.—Rupert, with the hectic still upon his cheeks, but not looking very ill, sat in a chair near the fire. Maude was reading to him.

"Ah, what, is it you, Aunt Ryle?" he called out. "You never come to see me."

"I am sorry to hear you are so poorly, Rupert."

"I am not half as ill as I feared I should be," he said. "I thought by this time it—it would have been all over. But I seem better. Where's George?"

"George is at home. I have been talking to your uncle about him. Until to-day I did not know what was in contemplation."

"He'll make a better squire for the Hold than I should have made," cried Rupert, lifting his eyes, bluer and brighter that ever, the effect of the disease, to her face, while Maude made her escape from the room, and Squire Treviyn had not entered it, so that they were alone. "But, Aunt Ryle, I want it to be soon; I want it to be before I die. I should like George to be here to see the last of me."

"I think I might have been informed of this before," observed Mrs. Ryle.

"It has not been told to any one. Uncle Rupert, and I, and George, and Maude have kept the secret between us. Maude was shy, and did not wish it talked of. Only think, Aunt Ryle, that after all the hopes, the contentions, the heart-burnings, it should be George Ryle to succeed to Treviyn Hold."

She could not bear this repeated harping on the string; she could not bear it.—George's conduct to his step-mother had been exemplary, and she did not remain insensible to the fact; but she was one of those second wives (there are such in the world) who feel an instinctive dislike—a jealousy—of their step-children. Very bitter, for Treve's sake, was the jealousy that burnt in her heart now.

"I will come in and see you another day, Rupert," she said, starting up. "I am too vexed to remain longer this morning."

"What are you vexed about, Aunt Ryle?"

"I was in hopes that Treve—failing you—would have been made the heir of Treviyn Hold."

Rupert opened his eyes in wonder.

"Treve?—while Maude lives! Not he. I can tell you what I think, Aunt Ryle: that Treve, had there been no Maude, would never have come in for the Hold. I don't fancy Uncle Rupert would have left it to him."

"To whom, then, would he have left it, do you fancy?"

"Well—I suppose," slowly answered Rupert, turning the matter over in his mind—"I suppose, in that case, it would have been my Aunt Diana. But there *is* Maude, Aunt Ryle, and we need not talk about it.—George and Maude will have it, and their children after them."

"Poor boy!" she said, with a touch of compassionate feeling, "it is a sad fate for you! Not to live to be the heir!"

A gentle smile rose to his face, and he pointed upwards.

"There's a better hairship for me there, Aunt Ryle."

It was upon returning from this memorable interview with Squire Treviyn, that Mrs. Ryle encountered Octave Chattaway. She stopped to speak.

"Are you getting pretty well settled, Octave?"

"Tolerably so. Mamma says she shall not be straight in six months to come.—Have you been to the Hold?" continued Octave.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ryle, turning her determined face full on Octave. "Have you heard the news? That the squire has chosen his heir?"

"No," breathlessly rejoined Octave. "We have heard that Rupert is entirely beyond hope; but we have heard nothing else. It will be Maude, I conclude."

"It is to be George Ryle."

"George Ryle!" repeated Octave, in amazement.

"Yes. I suppose it will be left to him, not to Maude. But it will be all the same.

"I shall never marry," he said, with emphasis; and to Mrs. Ryle's ears there was a strange solemnity in his tone. "You need not ask me why, for I shall not enter into my reasons; let the assurance of the fact suffice—*I shall never marry.* Treviyn Hold will be as securely theirs as though I bequeathed it to them by deed of gift."

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"It is to be George Ryle."

"George Ryle!" repeated Octave, in amazement.

"Yes. I suppose it will be left to him, not to Maude. But it will be all the same. He is to marry her, and to assume the name of Treviyn. George never told me of this. He just said to me to-day that he was going to live at the Hold; but he never said it was as Maude's husband and the squire's heir. How prospects have changed!"

Changed! Ay, Octave felt it to her inmost soul, as she leaned against the gate, and gazed in thought after Mrs. Ryle.—Gazed without seeing or hearing, deep in her heart's tribulation, her hand pressed upon her bosom, her pale face sheltering as it was turned to the winter sky.

CHAPTER LXVI.

IN THE CHURCH AT BARBROOK.

Bending in tenderness over the couch of Rupert Treviyn was Mrs. Chattaway—Madam Chattaway no longer; she had quitted that distinctive title when she quitted Treviyn Hold. It was a warm day in early May, and Rupert had lingered on, the progress of his disease being so gradual, so imperceptible, that even the medical men were deceived; and now that the end (as was soon to be seen) had come, were still saying that he might last until the autumn.

Rupert had been singularly favored; some, stricken by this dire malady, are so. Scarcely any of its painful features were apparent; and Mr. Daw wrote them word that they had not been in his father. There was scarcely any cough, scarcely any pain, and though the weakness was certainly great, Rupert had not for one single day taken to his bed. Until within two days of this very time, when you see Mrs. Chattaway leaning over him, he had gone out in the carriage whenever the weather would permit. He could not sit up much; he chiefly lay on the sofa as he was lying now, facing the window, which he liked to have open to the warm noonday sun. The room was the one you have seen frequently before, the former sitting-room of Mrs. Chattaway. When the Chattaways left the Hold Rupert had changed to their rooms; he seemed to have a fancy for them, and would sit there and watch the visitors who came up the avenue.

Mrs. Chattaway has been stopping at the Hold since the previous Tuesday, for Maude is away from it. Maude left it with George Ryle on that day, but they are coming home this evening, Saturday, for both are anxious not to be long away from Rupert. Rupert sadly wanted to attend the wedding, and Squire Treviyn and Mr. Freeman strove to invent all sorts of schemes for warming the church; but the edifice persisted in remaining cold and damp, and Rupert was not allowed to venture into it. He sat with them, however at the breakfast afterwards, and but for his attenuated form and the peculiar hectic that excitement brought to his otherwise white and hollow cheeks, might have passed very well for a guest. George, with his marriage, has taken the name of Treviyn, for the squire insisted upon it; he will come home to the Hold to-day and take up his permanent abode in it—Mr. Ryle Treviyn. Miss Diana received mortal offence at the wedding breakfast, and sat at the table cold and impenetrable, for the squire asked his eldest sister to preside in right of her birthright, and Miss Diana had long considered herself of far more importance than Mrs. Ryle, and had looked out to be chief on that occasion herself.

"Shall we invite Edith or Diana to stay here with you while Maude's away?" the squire had inquired of Rupert. And a flush of pleasure came into the wan face as he answered,

"My Aunt Edith! I should like to be again with Aunt Edith."

So Mrs. Chattaway had remained with him, and passed the time as she was doing now—hovering round his couch, giving him all her care, caressing him in her loving, gentle manner, whispering of the happy life on which he was about to enter.

She had some eau-de-cologne in her hand, and was pouring it on a handkerchief to pass it lightly over his brow and temples. In doing this a drop went into his eye.

"Oh, Rupert, I am so sorry! How awkward I am!"

It smarted very much, but Rupert smiled bravely.

"Just a few minutes' patient bearing of the pain, Aunt Edith, and it will be all gone. Do you know what I have got to think lately?"

She put the cork in the long narrow green bottle, and sat down on the chair close to his sofa.

"What, dear?"

"That we must be very blind, foolish mortals to fret ourselves so greatly under misfortunes. A little patience, a little time, and they are sure to pass away."

"It would be better for us all if we had more patience, more trust," she answered. "If we could leave things more entirely to God."

Rupert lay with his blue eyes cast upwards, blue as the sky he looked at.

"I would have tried to put that great trust in God, had I lived," he said, after a pause. "Do you know, Aunt Edith, at times I do wish I could have lived."

"I wish so, too," she murmured.

"At least, I should wish it but for this great feeling of fatigue that is always upon me. I shan't feel it up there, Aunt Edith."

"No, no," she whispered.

"When you get near death, knowing for certain that it is coming upon you, as I know it, I think you obtain clearer views of the reality of things. It seems to me, looking back on the life I am leaving, as if it were of no consequence at what period we die; whether we die young, or live to be old; and yet how dreadful a thing death is looked upon to be by people in general."

"It needs sorrow or illness to reconcile us to it, Rupert. Most of us must be tired of this life, ere we can bring ourselves to anticipate another, and to look for it."

"Well, I have not had so happy a life here," he unthinkingly remarked. "I ought not to murmur at exchanging it for another."

No, no, he had not. The words had been spoken without thought of wounding her, were entirely innocent of intentional reproach; but she was feeling them to the very depths of her long-bruised heart. Mrs. Chattaway was not famous for the control of her emotions, and she burst into a flood of tears as she rose and bent over him.

"The recollection of the past is upon me night and day, Rupert. Say that you forgive me! Say it now, are the time for it shall have gone by."

He looked surprised.

"Forgive you, dear Aunt Edith? I have never had anything to forgive you; and others I have forgiven long ago."

"I lie awake in my bed at night and think of it, Rupert," she said, the tones of her voice betraying how great was her emotion. "Had you been differently treated you might not have died just as your rights are recognised. You might have lived to be the inheritor as well as the heir of Treviyn."

Rupert lay pondering the proposition.

"But I must have died when the end came," he said. "I might not have been any the better for it. Aunt Edith, it seems to me to be just this. I am twenty-one years of age, and a life of some sort is before me, a life *here*, or a life *there*. At my age it is only natural that I should look forward to the life here, and I did so until I grew sick with the weariness of lying in pain. But now, if that life is the better and happier one—and if it were not, what miserable creatures we should all be!—does it not seem a favor to me to be taken to it before my time? Aunt Edith, I say that as death comes on, I believe we see things as they really are, not as they seem. I was to have inherited Treviyn Hold; but I shall exchange it for a better inheritance. Let this comfort you."

She sat, weeping silently, holding his hand in hers. Rupert said no more, but kept his eyes fixed upwards in thought. Gradually the lids closed, and his breathing, somewhat more regular than when he was awake told that he slept. Mrs. Chattaway laid his hand on the coverlid, dried her eyes, and busied herself about the room.

About half an hour afterwards, he awoke. She was sitting down then, watching him. It almost seemed as if her gaze had caused his eyes to open, for she had but just taken her seat.

"Are they come?" were his first words.

"Not yet, Rupert."

"Not yet! Will they be long? I feel sinking."

Mrs. Chattaway hastily called for the refreshment which Rupert had until now constantly taken. But he turned his head away as it was placed before him.

"My dear, you said you were sinking!"

"Not *that* sort of sinking, Aunt Edith. Nothing that food will remedy."

A tremor came over Mrs. Chattaway. She detected a change in his voice, saw the change in his countenance. It has just been said, and not for the first time in this history, that she could not boast of much self-control; and she ran out of the room, shrieking for Squire Treviyn.

He heard her and came immediately, wondering.

"It is Rupert," she said, in her irrepressible excitement. "He says he is dying."

Rupert had not said it: though, perhaps, what he did say was nearly equivalent to it, and she had jumped to the conclusion. When Squire Treviyn reached him, he was lying with his eyes closed and the changed look on his white face. A servant stood near the table where the tray of refreshment had been placed, gazing at him.

The squire hastily felt his forehead, then his hand.

"What ails you, my boy?" he asked, subduing his voice as it never was subdued, save to the sick Rupert.

Rupert unclosed his eyes.

"Are they come, uncle? I want Maude."

"They'll not be long now,"—looking at his watch. "Don't you feel so well, Rupert?"

"I feel like—going," was the answer: and as Rupert spoke he gasped for breath. The servant stepped forward and raised his head. Mrs. Chattaway, who had again come in, broke into a loud cry.

"Edith!" said the squire, reprovingly. "A pretty one you are for a sick room! If you cannot be calm, you had better keep out of it."

He quitted it himself as he spoke, called his own groom, and bade him hasten for Mr. King. Rupert looked better when he returned; the spasm, or whatever it was, had passed, and he was holding the hand of Mrs. Chattaway.

"Aunt Edith was frightened," he said, turning his eyes on his uncle.

"She always was one to be frightened at nothing," cried the squire. "Do you feel faint, my boy?"

"It's gone," answered Rupert. "I thank you, Aunt Edith; I can't say I swallow."

Mrs. Chattaway poured out a cordial, he drank it without difficulty. Afterwards he seemed to revive considerably, and spoke to them now and then, though he lay so still as to give an idea that all motion had departed from him. Even when the carriage wheels was heard in the avenue he did not stir, though he evidently heard.

"It's only Ralph," remarked the squire. "I sent him out in the gig."

Rupert slightly shook his head to express a negative, and a half smile flitted over his face. The squire also became aware of the fact that when they heard was not the noise of gig wheels. He went down to the hall door.

It was the carriage bringing home the bride and bridegroom. Maude sprang lightly in, and the squire took her in his arms.

"Welcome to your home, my darling! brave welcome to you, Madam of the Hold!"

Maude laughed and blushed, and the squire left her and took the hand of George. Yes, it was true: henceforth she was "Madam" of the Hold.

"How is Rupert, sir?"

"Well—he has been famous until half an hour ago. Since then there has been a change in him. You had better go to him at once, he has been asking for you and Maude. I have sent for King."

George drew his wife's hand within his arm, and led her up stairs. No one was in the room with Rupert but Mrs. Chattaway. He never moved, never stirred, as they advanced and bent over him. Maude, throwing off her bonnet—only gazed up at the face from his sofa pillow with a happy smile.

Maude's eyes were swimming; George was startled. Surely death was now, even now, upon him. It had come closer in the little minute between Squire Treviyn's departure from the room and his return.

He lay passively, his wasted head on a thatra. Maude was the first to give way.

"My darling brother! I did not think to find you like this"

"I am going on before, Maude," he breathed, but his voice was so low that they had to stoop to catch it. "You will come into"

A wailing cry interrupted him; it came from Mrs. Chattaway.

"Oh, Rupert, say you forgive the past! You have not said it. You must not die with unforgiveness in your heart."

He looked at her wonderingly; a look which seemed to ask if she had forgotten his assertion of an hour ago. He laid his hands together, feebly holding them mid.

"Pray God bless and forgive all who may have been unkind to me, as I forgive them—as I have forgiven them long ago! Pray God bless and forgive us all, and take us after this world's over to our home in heaven!"

"Amen!" said the squire.

The deep silence which fell on them, after the sonorous tones of the one word had away, was broken only by the sobs of Maude as she knelt. George laid his hand gently on her head that she might feel its loving protection; he knew how bitter was the moment to her.

The next interruption was caused by Mr. King. He came quietly up to the bed, glanced at the face of Rupert, and kept his eyes on it for the full space of a minute. Then he turned them meaningly on Squire Treviyn. The face, though they had known it not, was already the face of the dead.

The long procession of mourners wound down the avenue of Treviyn Hold. The hearse was first, containing the remains, for all followers were on foot. With the squire walked his son-in-law and acknowledged heir, George Ryle—or Ryle Treviyn as he was henceforth to be called; and next to them came Mr. Chattaway, and Mrs. Ryle's son, Treviyn.

Yes! Mr. Chattaway, who—as may be said—had hunted Rupert to death, yet saw fit to attend the funeral. Do you remember that the etiquette touching funerals in this rural neighborhood was alluded to early in this history?—that same etiquette obtained still; and Mr. Chattaway had not deemed it good manners to refuse when the invitation came. It was not as *James Chattaway* that it was sent to him, but as Edith Treviyn's husband; and the squire had a battle with himself ere he could be brought to send one at all. Old Canham, too infirm to walk to the church, stood at the gate in his Sunday clothes, and bared his head as they went past him, paying his last respects to the dear heir of Treviyn.

It was a large and goodly company to gather round the grave. Thomas Ryle's funeral years ago had been scantily attended; this was different. Many faces familiar to you were among them: the doctors mentioned in the story, the lawyers, Mr. Wall of Barmester, Mr. Apperley and his son, the clerk Ford from Blackstone, even Policeman Dumps was there. How did Mr. Chattaway like standing among them? How did he like to feel that George Ryle, whom he would so have put upon, was from henceforth his master? Suddenly the even sound from the voice of Mr. Freeman was marred by a burst of sobs, and many eyes were turned to the quarter, and found the interruption came from Jim Sanders. Mr. Dumps

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inwardly prayed (?) continually for the breach.

The coffin was lowered into the grave of the Treviyas, and sorrowful eyes pressed forward to catch a glimpse of its plate. The inscription had been made in accordance with the will and pleasure of Squire Treviya.

"Rupert Treviya, heir of Treviya Hold. Died May 3d; aged twenty-one."

It was so. The true heir was he of Treviya Hold, the sole heir of Squire Treviya. But God had taken him from his heirship before he could enter upon it. A great calamity, some of those mourners are thinking. No, it was no calamity; for as Rupert himself had said in his last illness, he had let resigned a poor earthly heirship to enter upon that heavenly one which fades not away.

They left his body in its kindred earth, and wound their way back again. Oh, my friends! may we learn to strive for that true heirship, without which all other heirship will avail us nought. Fare you well!

THE END.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

We have heard of the heliographic art being employed to detect a murderer by a photograph of his victim's eyes, upon the retina of which were pictured the features of the assassin. The Evansville Journal gives the history of an experiment made on Sunday last by Mr. Adams, a photographist of that city, who, at the solicitation of some gentlemen who had read of similar experiments in France, took his instrument and visited the scene of the late murder in German township. This was some thirty hours after the murdered man had breathed his last. There was a great deal of dust flying and a great crowd collected, which materially interfered with the success of the experiment, but, notwithstanding these unfavorable circumstances, Mr. Adams succeeded in taking a tolerably fair "negative." Having taken an ambrotype picture of the eye of the deceased, he then rubbed out everything but a single object apparently in the centre of the eye; this was placed under an ordinary magnifying glass. At the first glance the object appeared blurred and indistinct, but getting the proper focus, the outlines of a human face were at once distinguishable. The image was apparently the face of a man with unusually prominent cheek bones, long nose and rather broad forehead. A black moustache was plainly seen, and also the direction of the eyes, which seemed to be looking at some object sideways. One of the eyes was as clearly seen as the eyes in a common ambrotype or photype. Some who examined the image thought the man of which it seemed to be a resemblance had a Roman nose, and also had on a cap. Mr. Adams is continuing his experiments, but whether he will succeed in making any clearer developments remains to be seen. His labors thus far are abundantly rewarded by the success which has attended his efforts, as it seems he has demonstrated that an object was pictured upon the eye of Mr. Herke at the time of his death, and that the object was a human face. —*Louisville Journal.*

ANGLO-SAXON WIVES.

Spiridion, the spirited Paris correspondent of the Boston Gazette, thus chats of the members of the French court:—

"Monsieur Bataille, a Councillor of State, has married Miss Hagan, an English heiress. The court is becoming thoroughly Anglo-Saxon; every body connected with it is married, or is going to marry, a child of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Baroness de Pierres is Colonel Thorp's daughter. The Marquise de Dammartin is a daughter of the Hon. Francis R Curbin. The Empress is a Scotch woman. The Marchesa Pepoli is another English woman. The Baroness de Wachter is a Philadelphian. The Murats are all Philadelphians. The Marquise de Lavaletie is a Bostonian. The Countess de Sartiges is a Bostonian. The wife of the Minister of the Marine is a New Orleans lady, so is the wife of the first Secretary of the Belgian Embassy, and of the Spanish Embassy. I might make this litany fill every column of your paper were I to include all names of Frenchmen who have married Anglo-Saxon wives. The list is daily lengthening, for Frenchmen confess that Anglo-Saxon women make the best wives in the world, and make even French houses, *homes*. I end this epithalamium by chronicling the marriage of the Viscount de Lanjuinais with the daughter of Monsieur Pilet Will, the eminent banker."

A LAWYER'S CAVEAT.—Wm. H. Harding, a lawyer of Lee, Massachusetts, had the misfortune, a few days since, of having his marriage published in the Berkshire Eagle. To this he, lawyer-like, takes exceptions. In a caveat to the editor he says:—

"The report of my marriage, which I find in your issue of the 27th inst., is not quite correct. First, On the 30th of July, 1863, I kept close company with my law books. Second. I was never in Lebanon Springs in my life. Third. I never, to my knowledge, saw or heard of the Rev. E. F. Hunt. Fourth. The young lady mentioned as the bride is the wife of my brother; and, fifth, I never was married at all; I never came within gunshot of marriage; I never wanted to get married; and finally, I never expect to get married. With the above exceptions your item is all correct."

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—In a town near Danbury, some men engaged in putting up lightning-rods called upon a forehanded farmer, well known in this county, and proposed to put some rods upon his buildings. He peremptorily declined the offer, saying that if "God Almighty owed him any grudge, He could destroy his property."—Strange to say, that in less than a week afterwards, (last week,) a heavy storm passed over his premises, and a b...li descended upon his dwelling, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to any other person in the house, although there were several in it.—*New Haven Palladium.*

☞ Among the 5,796,967 persons enumerated in Ireland at the census of 1861, no less than 742 are returned as being of the age of 100 years and upward; 278 of these aged persons were men and 464 were women.

☞ Some startling facts tend to show a possibility of the gradual extinguishment of the state of New Jersey by the action of the sea! At the mouth of Dennis Creek, near Cape May, and for many miles along the Delaware Bay shore, the marsh is washed away, according to the reports of local surveyors, on an average of about one rod in two years; and from early maps, this would appear to have been going on at this rate ever since the first settlement of this country. On the west side of Cape May, the foundations of houses built in 1691, have long since been undermined, and the waters of the bay now cover the spot where they stood. In many places along the Jersey shore this phenomenon is noticed. Nor is it confined to the southern shore, for the same changes are observable in the salt marshes on the Raritan, and at the mouths of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers. This is a kind of practical secession which cannot very well be forcibly suppressed.

☞ A Jew has been unsolicited in Bavaria for the first time. This is Dr. Kneigewasser, of Munich, who lately devoted a considerable sum to a foundation of public utility, and who has been named by the King, Knight (second class) of the order of St. Michael.

☞ ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—The telegraphic cable which is to unite the coast of Spain with England, will extend from Corunna to Falmouth, a distance of six hundred miles. Next summer the cable is to be laid from Ireland to Newfoundland. Glass, Elliot & Co., have contracted to do it.

☞ A Moslem was recently executed in Sidon, for killing a Jew. Such an enforcement of the claims of justice was never heard of before among the Moslems.

☞ The word "humbug" is a corruption of Hamburg, and originated in the following manner:—During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg that at length when anyone would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say—"You had that from Hamburg," and thus "That is Hamburg," or humbug, became a common expression of incredulity.

☞ Every kind of artificers are to be found in General Grant's army, and their skilled labor is called into frequent requisition. An ample supply of rolling stock for the railroad from Vicksburg to Big Black has been improvised by them. The trucks were cast, and the remainder of the engines gathered from the debris of destroyed engines by piecemeal. Part came from the Tennessee roads, part from Kentucky, and other parts from Mississippi. From such materials were made good, neat and strong locomotives in a very few days.

☞ A singular accident occurred one day at Queensbury, England. A youth was batting at cricket, when a ball struck him on the trowsers' pocket. In that pocket, it happened were a number of cigar fuses, mixed up promiscuously with a quantity of coin. The sudden blow fired the fuses, and as the result the trowsers were set on fire. Seeing the accident, his companions ran to his rescue and quickly pulled off the burning garments, but not before the poor fellow was badly burnt about the thigh.

☞ The burial service of the English Church expresses the hope, in every case, that the person who has died will enjoy a glorious resurrection to everlasting life, whatever may have been his character. Recently, after a clergyman had read the service over the body of a man of very bad character, who had destroyed himself, a woman came up to the person and said: "Sir, the man you have buried was my husband. You may say what you please, but I know that he has gone to hell."

☞ An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

☞ Dumas is as lavish of his humor as of his money. "His wit is prodigious, his fund of anecdote inexhaustible, and the strength of his lungs overwhelming. To give my English readers an idea of his Herculean powers of conversation—I may remark that I was present at a dinner some twelve or fifteen years ago, where Lord Brougham and Dumas were among the company; and the loquacious ex-chancellor could not literally get in a single word, but had to sit, for the first and last time in his life, a perfect dummy."

☞ The fact that a white flag was lately seen flying over Fort Moultrie is not considered of unusual significance, as the confederate flag itself is white, with the exception of the union, which is red, with a blue cross studded with white stars.

☞ A student asked the late Dr. Alexander, "What is virtue?" His simple and admirable reply was, "Virtue consists in doing our duty, in the several relations that we sustain, in respect to ourselves, and to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation."

☞ A MODEL REGIMENT.—When Paymaster Northop was in New Orleans, he asked Col. Bissell, of the Twenty-Fifth Connecticut volunteer regiment, whether there was any swearing in his regiment? "You may go through the regiment," answered Col. Bissell, "and I'll give you five dollars for every oath you hear from it." The paymaster hunted diligently after his reward, with good hope, but he searched in vain.

☞ Here is a specimen of paradox that may amuse the young fellow. There is one way in which 45 may be deducted from 45 and 45 will be the remainder. Look:—Put all the numerals down in reverse order. Then put them down underneath, in their order and subtract. The sum of all three of the lines will be the same, viz: 45. Thus:

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9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1—45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—45
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8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2—45
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☞ A greenhorn standing by a sewing-machine at which a young lady was at work, and looking attentively at the machine and at the fair operator, he at length gave vent to his admiration with, "By Jingo! it's purty—especially the part covered with calliker."

☞ PRAIRIE BOMBS.—It is stated in the Prairie Farmer, that a man in that state, who has 4,000 peach trees, finds that a pint of salt put around the collar of each tree, is a sure remedy for the peach borer grub. He buys refuse salt from the packing houses.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour are moderate, and about 11,000 bbls were taken by buyers at $4,50@5 for superfine; $5@5,75 for common and choice extras; $6,25@6,50 for old stock and good fresh ground extra family, including about 1000 bbls, part Penna Mills, on terms kept private; 1000 bbls Jenny Lind do at $7,25; sour Flour at $4@4,25, and middlings at $3,62½ ₱ bbl; the bulk of the sales were of family Flour. The trade are buying moderately at the above rates for superfine and extras, and $7@8 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality and freshness. Rye Flour continues very scarce, with small receipts, and sells at $5 @5,25. Corn Meal is quiet at $4 for Pa. A sale of 1000 bbls calorie Meal was made at $4,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is in better demand for milling at fully former rates; about 45,000 bus have been taken at $1,32 to $1,34 for common to good and choice new reds; $1,35 to 1,35 for old do, the latter for amber, and $1,40 to 1,55 for Pa and Kentucky white, as in quality. Rye is scarce and held for higher prices, with small receipts and sales at 85 for new, and 91 for old. Corn is better, and about 25,000 bus sold at 81@83c for Western mixed, and 86@88c for yellow. Oats have advanced 2c, and 40 offered, about 18,000 bus sold at 69@ 69c for inferior to prime new Delaware and Pa, and 80@90c for old do. Barley and Malt are not much inquired for, but 8000 bus have been disposed of on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks are very light, and the market firm at $14@15 for Western and city Mess Pork, and $12@14 for Mess Beef, and the sales limited; 100 bbls Mess Pork sold at $14, and 100 bbls clear at $13½ ₱ bbl. Bacon moves as wanted at 13@ 13½c for plain and fancy Hams; 6¼@6½c for Shoulders, and 7@7½c for Sides. Green Hams are very scarce, the last sales were at 9@9½c for Hams in salt, and 5¼@5½c for Shoulders, nothing doing in Sides. Lard is better and held above the views of buyers, with sales of 60 tcs at 10½c, grease is wanted at 8¼@8½c, and tcs at 11¼@11½c. Butter is less active but firm; prices range at 15@24c, as to quality, the latter for prime Goshen. Cheese is firmer, and selling at 11¼@12½c. Eggs are dull and worth 18c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled. Sales reach about 350 bales, in small lots, within the range of 70c for low grades to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are firm, but without much doing in the way of sales.

BARK comes in slowly, and fine ground 1st No 1 Quercitron is in steady demand, with small sales, at $3 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at fully former rates, and 100 cords Chestnut oak sold at $14 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering, but 3000 lbs have been disposed of 43c ₱ lb

COAL.—There is a moderate business doing, and prices firm.

COFFEE.—Prices are better, with sales of 800 bags including Rio at 37½@38c, cash and 4 months, and Cape on terms kept private.

COPPER continues firmer; sales of Yellow Metals at 27c for sheets and 29c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continues scarce and high, and good Western sell at 50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit is arriving more freely, and Peaches are abundant and low, with large sales at 50c@$1 ₱ basket. Apples are worth $2@3 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is quiet.

HAY is firm at $30@31 ₱ ton.

HEMP remains inactive, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are moving off as wanted at 18@24c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal is good, and Foundry Iron is scarce and wanted at $34 @35, cash and 4 mos, for No 1; No 2 is quoted at $28@30, and No 3 at $31@32 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig has been selling as wanted at $34@35 ₱ ton, cash. For Manufactured Iron the demand is fair, and the market unchanged.

LEAD.—We hear of a sale of 1000 pigs Galena at 8¾c for the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is arriving freely, and White Pine is quite active at $21@23. Yellow Sap Boards sell at $30@32, and White Pine Shingles at $18 @21.

MOLASSES.—The market is more active and prices are better, with sales of about 1000 hhds Cuba at 45c, and 200 bbls New Orleans at 42@50c, all on the usual terms.

OILS.—Petroleum is inactive and dull at 57@ 58c for refined, in bond, at 56@58c for free Oil. Crude is scarce and generally held above the views of buyers; we quote at 55@56c ₱ gallon.

PLASTER comes in slowly and commands $4 @4,12½ ₱ ton.

RICE is rather firmer, and Rangoon is quoted at 7½@7¾c, and the sales limited.

SEEDS.—There is no Cloverseed offering.—Timothy is coming in more freely, and further sales of 1000 bus are reported at about $3 ₱ bus. Prime new seed is scarce and held higher, with small sales at $3,25@3,37½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and the crushers are buying at $2,25@2,55 ₱ bus, which is an advance.

SPIRITS.—The market for Brandy and Gin is quiet but steady at quotations. N E Rum is scarce and quoted at 95@98c. Whiskey is dull and rather lower, with moderate sales at 59@ 59½c for bbls, and 51c for Drudge.

SUGARS.—The market continues active and on the advance, with sales of 2000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10@12c, and Porto Rico at 12½c, on time.

TALLOW is firm, but inactive, with moderate sales of city at 10¾@10¾c, the melters generally at 11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The sales are confined to Pa Seed Leaf at 12½ to 20c ₱ lb.

WOOL.—The sales are moderate and confined to small lots at about previous rates, ranging from 65 to 70c, chiefly at 66@68c for medium and fine Fleece, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3658 head. The prices realized from 6 to 10 cts ₱ lb gross. 140 Cows brought from $32 to 36 ₱ head. 13,000 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5½c ₱ lb gross. 700 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,00 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Talleyrand's famous saying, "Language was given to man to conceal his thoughts," has been traced back to Dr. Robert South, who, in the course of a sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey, April 30th, 1676, used the following language: "This seems to be the true inward judgment of all our political sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to the wise to conceal it."

☞ "Biddy," said a farmer's "gude wife," whose only fault was that she was occasionally absent-minded, when her words did not always flow in the right order, "Biddy, now you may go and milk the hens, and see if the cows have laid any eggs, and tell the pig to give John some wash and clean straw for a bed." Biddy looked perplexed for a minute, but obeyed her mistress according to her private judgment.

☞ Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.
NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.
NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.

R. R. R.

Families that understand the use of Radway's Ready Relief, are never troubled with sickness. Whenever pain or discomfort seizes the patient they apply it at once, and that is the end of the difficulty. Those who are seized with Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Diptheria, Influenza, Colds, Coughs, Pains and Aches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chills and Fever, or any other disease where there is pain or inflammation, should apply the Ready Relief at once. Do this and a cure will quickly follow. Thousands of children have been saved by its use in Croup, Scarlet Fever, Convulsions, Diarrhœa, &c. Keep this remedy in the house, and use it when pain is complained of, and no serious sickness will follow.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. WILLIAM ULRICH, to Miss SUE KINGSTON, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. RICHARD PARISH, to Miss ELMIRA, daughter of Jos. Jackson, Esq both of this city.

On the 30th of Aug. by the Rev. Mr. Aiday, Mr. JOHN HIMS, to Miss ANNIE E. SMITH, both of New Jersey.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JACOB L. FREDRICK, of Johnstown, N. Y. to Miss LOUISA LYKENS, of this city.

On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, DAVID M. FULMER, U. S. N. to Miss SUE, only daughter of Edw. G. Seaton, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. JOHN SHILL, Jr. to Mrs. ELIZABETH POOLE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. M. Rice, Mr. JOHN SCOTT, to Miss ADELAIDE ALBERTSON, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. DAVID BUCHANAN, to Miss EMMA SNYDER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Hon. SAMUEL BELL, formerly of Reading, Pa. in his 66th year.

On the 15th instant, in Germantown, MARGARET CHURCHMAN, in her 57th year.

On the 15th instant, ANNE C. wife of Samuel Hazard, in her 73d year.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM M. COLLOM, Jr. in his 19th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JOHN VAUGHN, in his 53d year.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM ASHMAN, in his 30th year.

On the 13th instant, ELIZA A. wife of John White.

On the 13th instant, MARLON LENDS, in his 43d year.

On the 12th instant, MARY, widow of the late Alex. W. Reed, in her 78th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON, in his 37th year.

On the 11th instant, ESTHER A. PORTER, in her 57th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN G. CRASS, in his 67th year.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

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CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

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319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent *free* to any address. Address BOX 2729, Post Office Philadelphia, Pa. jly4-13t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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(Near Girard College.)

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION will commence the 16th October next, and continue five months. For information, address
MRS. E. H. CLEVELAND,
No. 10 Women's Hospital, Philadelphia.
Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1863. sep26-3t

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39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

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7-3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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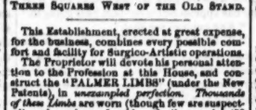

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," "LEG," &c., has removed to

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READY SEPTEMBER 20.

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Mrs. M. A. BINDER, importer and designer of French, English and American Fashions, will open on Tuesday, September 1st, a choice selection of Paper Patterns for the fall of 1863, wholesale and retail. Dress and Cloak making in all its branches, and a perfect fit warranted. Cutting and Basting at the shortest notice. French Plaiting and Goffering, Stamping and braiding done to order. Pinking in every variety. Le Bon Ton for sale.

Madame Demorest's Prize Medal Skirts, Pads, Shields, superior French Corsets, Hooks, Eyes, Charts and Quarterly Mirror of Fashion for sale. Also, Bradley's Patent Skirt Supporter, at

Mrs. M. A. BINDER'S Temple of Fashion,
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sep12-3t

THE TURNED HEAD!

This title of one of Dr. Warren's stories is realized in a moment by all who use

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which in five minutes changes

WHITE TO BLACK,

or red to a rich brown, without drying up the juices of the hair. It is the only safe Hair Dye in the world.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

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New Prices, Reduced from 1st September, 1863.

The curtailment of the Government Contract upon the recent decision of the Secretary of War, which confines the manufacture of machines to the premises of the Company, renders it necessary to reduce the number of machines to be made, and to increase the price of the same. The following are the prices of the machines now made at the factory, and for sale at the Company's Warerooms:

PRICES.

No. 1. Manufacturing, Family, Stitch, $75,00
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut, 80,00
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, 85,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 90,00
Full Case, Carved, Rosewood, 95,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 2 Machine, Finish, Stitch, $65,00
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut, 70,00
Full Case, Rosewood, 75,00
Half Case, Rosewood, 80,00
Plain Table, 60,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

The number 2, plain table, (worth $60) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

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Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

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311 Chestnut St.,
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Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated ELASTIC VELVETEEN TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupee and Bands, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Hair Wigs, Frizzets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive prompt attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-ow1y

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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared *only* by
WILLM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

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DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for its use and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.
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Wit and Humor.

WONDERFUL HAIR PRODUCER.

Last week Mr. ——, of New York, sent us a cake of his ointment, with the modest request to "puff it and send the bill." Venerable and far-sighted capillary producer! we do it, and more, too. Your Ointment is a big thing. Although in small cakes, it is nevertheless a colossal item. We tried it. Following the printed directions, we made a lather and applied the brush. The lather was mixed in a glass dish, and in four minutes a beautiful hair, all shades of *color*, had started from the dish. We applied some to our face, and it took four swift-working barbers to cut down and mow away as fast as the beard grew. We put a little on the toe of each boot, and each boot in an hour looked like a Rocky mountains. We put some on a crowbar, and it is covered with long, curly hair, like a buffalo, and in the coldest weather it can be used without mittens. A little on the pole to the carriage started the hair on it like moss. We dropped some on the stove, and as a fire was kindled the hair started, and the hotter the stove became the faster grew the hair, till the smell of burnt hair became so powerful as to drive all from the room. The stove was cut in the barn, and it can't be seen now for the hair. Only one application. A little applied on a wagon tire has in five days started a vigorous crop, and now the wagon can be driven over a plank road and not make a bit of noise, so well are the wheels covered with soft hair. Only one application. Dollar a cake. We skinned a goose, put on some of the Ongwent, and in two hours the feather-grower was enveloped in hair like a squirrel, and was seen this morning trying to climb a shagbark hickory in the back yard.

A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper at little cost. We applied the latter to a temperance nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather-brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Only a dollar a cake! Applied to door stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. Only a dollar a cake—directions thrown in. A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles—sprinkle on sidewalks, anything where luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. We put a little on the head of navigation, and a beautiful hair covered it. A little on the mouth of La Crosse River started hair there resembling the finest red top grass, in which cows, sheep, pigs, hogs, snipes, woodcock and young ducks graze with keen relish. Only a dollar a cake. Sent by mail to any address. One application will grow a luxuriant moustache for a boy—two applications will be sure to harass the entire rebel army. Dollar a cake. Sent by mail or any other man. Samson used it. $1 a cake.

A GREATER THAN WELLINGTON.

I will relate a story told of a great sheep farmer—so one of the old "gentleman tanata," verily—who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whiskey-toddy to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer, modestly hanging his head with a pleasing smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far."

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question,

"Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied—

"The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a clever man: very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soger; but then, d'ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm not so sure, after all, if he could manage, say twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst! I doot it—I doot it! Bob, I have done that!"

The inference was evident.

☞ It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, population are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

☞ A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of champagne—still and sparkling.

A WISE MANOEUVRE.—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have discovered excuses and retired. But the Duke entered briskly, and cried:—"I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence!" And the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

READY RETORT.—Among the attractions made of the gifts given to the pastor of one of the Connecticut churches, the other day, on the occasion of his "tin wedding," (tenth anniversary,) was a huge tin pen, nearly eight feet long, with nine capacious enough to hold nearly a pint of ink. The donor wittily said, as he held up his literary and theological club:—"I did not give you this long pen to write *any longer* sermons." "I hope," was the quick reply, "that they may be long enough to *reach you*, my friend." The giver acknowledged that he was vanquished by this first scratch of the new pen.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

"What do sailors mean, uncle, by saying that a vessel sails so many 'knots an hour? What are *knots*, sir?"

"So many knots an hour means so many miles an hour, Robert."

"Why do they say 'knots' then?"

"It is a nautical phrase, Robert, used principally by sea-faring people."

"But there must be some reason for their using such a term. Has it anything to do with knots such as we make in a piece of string?"

"Well, it has, Bob, something to do, as you say, with knots such as we make in a piece of string, for the term comes from knots that are made in the log-line with which every well-furnished vessel is supplied."

"A log-line, sir? Pray what is that?"

"It is the line that is fastened to the log, by means of which a ship's speed is determined."

"And what is the log?"

"I see there is no getting rid of your questions until I have satisfied you upon the whole subject."

"I must say, uncle, I should like very much to know a little more about it."

"Very well. Let us go back to the beginning of the matter. In order to navigate a vessel over a pathless ocean, it is necessary to find out, by some means or other, how fast she is going; for it is quite plain, even to landsmen like ourselves, that if a captain is ignorant of the speed of his vessel, it will be impossible for him to tell how far he has gone from the port he has left, or how near he has approached to the port he is going to."

"Any one can see that."

"Well, then, how is he to find out the exact speed of his vessel? An experienced seaman might give a rough guess towards it by throwing a chip overboard and watching the rate at which a vessel passes it; but that would be a very uncertain method at best, and would lead to very serious errors. A more reliable mode or method has been invented, consisting of the common *log-line and half-minute glass*, which I will now explain to you."

"I have often heard of '*throwing the log*,' uncle, but never had the curiosity to ask what it meant."

"The common *log* is a flat piece of wood in the form of a *quadrant*, with a sufficient quantity of lead fixed to the *circular* edge to keep it steady, and in a perpendicular position on the surface of the water. Can you understand so much of the apparatus, Robert, from the brief description?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Well, next there is the *line*. This line, or *log line*, as it is called, is fastened to the log in a peculiar manner. It is about one hundred and twenty fathoms long, and is divided into spaces of fifty feet; each space being marked or separated by a small strip of cloth or rag, just as a yard stick or foot-rule is marked by a line cut in the wood or metal. Have you any difficulty in conceiving such an apparatus as that, Bob?"

"No, sir, not at all."

"Now, then, there's the *half-minute glass*, the other part of the contrivance. You know what an hour-glass is?"

"Yes, sir. I had one some time ago, and I used to amuse myself by watching the sands run out by the clock. In very damp weather it would take a few seconds longer to run out than in fine weather."

"Well, we have nothing to do with that on the present occasion. All I wanted to know was, whether you had ever seen an hour-glass. You say you have, therefore I have only to remark that the *half-minute glass* is precisely similar, only that its sands run *thirty seconds* instead of an hour, or sixty minutes, as in the case of the one you have just referred to. The knot of fifty feet marked upon the log-line bears the same proportion to a mile as a half-minute does to an hour."

"Let me try that on the slate, Uncle John."

"Well, never mind figuring it out now, I am aware there is a little difference, and to be exact each knot should be fifty feet eight inches, but what I am stating is near enough for our purpose."

"I think, uncle, you must be wrong; 30 seconds are the 120th part of an hour, while 50 feet are much more than the 120th part of 5,280, which is the number of feet in a mile."

"Not in a *nautical* mile, Master Robert, which is 6,079 feet, and not 5,280, like our landsman's mile. But to proceed: a half-minute, we will say, bears the same proportion to an hour as fifty feet do to a mile. Now let us imagine ourselves on board a fine clipper ship, going pretty nearly before the wind. We are watching the operation of throwing the log. One of the seamen stands with a large reel, round which is wound the log-line, another holds the half-minute glass, standing along side the former, while a third holds the log, which he now throws over the ship's quarter into the sea. The log remains stationary while the line runs out. When he observes the first mark is going over the ship's side, which is usually a red flag at the distance of ten or twelve fathoms from the log, (that quantity, called *stray line*, being allowed in order to carry the log out of the eddy of the ship's wake,) he gives notice to the man who holds the glass to turn it; and as soon as the sand in the glass is run out the line is immediately stopped; then the number of knots and fathoms which had run off at the expiration of the glass, being considered as miles and parts, gives the distance the ship has run the preceding hour. If, for instance, she has taken off ten knots while the half-minute glass was run out, then she has been going ten nautical miles per hour; if five knots, then five miles per hour, and so on."

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle John. I really fancy myself a sailor. I see that as plain as A B C. I now know something about the meaning of "ten knots an hour."

SEEING AN AVALANCHE PASS.

Mr. Francis Galton, a well-known English traveller and member of the "Alpine Club," has this summer made a sitgular experience. He discovered a spot on the Jungfrau range, where he might stand in safety and watch the avalanches sweeping past him, within thirty feet of his person. In one half day he saw three descents. The avalanches slid two thousand feet, then leaped two great bounds of a thousand feet more to the channel, close to which he was standing, and then burst out at the foot of the channel "like a storm of shrapnell." Mr. Galton describes the general appearance of the avalanche when seen at so short a distance, as that of "an orderly mob filling the street and hastening, not hurrying, to the same object." Something of the same impression is made upon one who looks attentively at the great sheet of water which rolls slowly down the Canadian side of the falls of Niagara. The motion is majestically deliberate, and though swift, not hurried. The noise of the avalanche in motion Mr Galton likens to the sound of "a rapid tide rushing up many channels." The avalanche is described as consisting of a mass of ice balls, usually from a foot to a yard in diameter, which produce "the fearful rattle of the ice cascade."

☞ An old bachelor says a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all aback, but never dumbfounded.

THE WALKING TOUR.

ASTONISHED PEDESTRIAN (He with the Knapsack).—"What the deuce, George! I thought we were going to walk? How d'you mean to carry all that furniture; and what's the coffin for?"

GEORGE (A Swell).—"Coffin! My dear fellow. Most adm'rable contrivance; carries your dress coat, without creasing it! Fellow must have a dress—"

[At the first mention of the "dress coat," pedestrian declares the engagement "off" and retires in dudgeon.

CONTROVERSY.—This very good reason for avoiding controversy is taken from Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," published in the Atlantic Monthly:

"If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think that I don't understand what my friend, the Professor long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Can't know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as the other? Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it."

☞ COMPLIMENTARY.—A new member rose to make his first speech, and, in his embarrassment began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after all."

Useful Receipts.

HOP BEER.—We have the pleasure, says the Genesee Farmer, of giving this month a receipt for beer which is really valuable. The beer is easily made, and will keep six or eight months. Three months after it is fermented, it is almost equal to ale. This receipt is for fifteen gallons: Twelve ounces of hops, six quarts of molasses, ten eggs. Put the hops in a bag, and boil them fifteen minutes in three pailfuls of water. Put in the molasses while hot, and pour immediately into a strong ale cask, which can be made perfectly air-tight, and put in the remainder of the water cold. Let the mixture stand until cool, and then add the eggs. This beer will not ferment in cold weather unless put in quite a warm place.

ANNEALING GLASS.—An ingenious and simple mode of annealing glass has been some time in use by chemists. It consists in immersing the vessel in cold water gradually heated to the boiling point, and suffered to remain till cold, when the glass will be rejoined and the vessel fit for use. Should the glass be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, it will be necessary to immerse it in oil.

APPLES IN SYRUP.—Pare and core some hard apples and throw them into a basin of water; as they are done, clarify as much loaf sugar as will cover them; put the apples in along with the juice and rind of a lemon, and let them simmer till they are quite clear; care must be taken not to break them; place them on the dish they are to appear upon at table, and pour the syrup over. These are for immediate use.

CANNING GREEN CORN AND TOMATOES.—A. L. Wood, of Ohio, communicates the following, which he says is a successful mode of canning green corn and tomatoes, to the Country Gentleman:—

Cut the corn from the cob when it is in nice order for roasting ears, and put it on and cook it three-quarters of an hour over a good fire, or until it is done. Then have your tomatoes pared and put in two equal measures of them, with one of the corn, and bring them all to a hard boil, or as hot as fruits are usually made when put up air-tight. Put in salt enough for the taste, and stir it through. This appears to help keep it good; then can, as you would anything else, and my experience for it, you will have nice *corn and tomatoes* in the coming winter. I have tried it two years with uniform success.

Agricultural.

FOOD.

GROUND AND UNGROUND—COOKED AND UNCOOKED.

In a communication from the Society of Shakers, at Lebanon, New York, in the Patent Office Report, is the following statement as to the relative value of ground and unground, cooked and uncooked corn, for feeding and fattening hogs, cattle, &c:—

The experience of more than thirty years leads us to estimate ground corn at one-third higher than unground as food for cattle and especially for fattening pork; hence it has been the practice of our society for more than a quarter of century, to grind all our provender. The same experience induces us to put a higher value upon cooked, than upon raw meal; and for fattening animals, swine particularly, we consider three of cooked, equal to four bushels of raw meal. Until within the last three or four years our society fattened, annually, for thirty years, from forty to fifty thousand pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and rifled fat; and it is a constant practice to cook the meal, for which purpose six or seven potash kettles are used.

Notwithstanding that there is abundance of testimony to the same effect, there are a great many farmers who are in the habit of practising the wasteful method of feeding corn in the ear to hogs, horses, etc., or of feeding raw meal in fattening stock. The testimony above given, with much other like it, would certainly, if duly considered, put an end to such wasteful methods of feeding. Many would probably give up feeding meal raw, were it not that they find the cooking of it quite a troublesome process. To such we would suggest that there is an easy method, which is nearly as good as thorough cooking, and which consists in pouring boiling water on the meal that is to be fed twelve or twenty hours afterwards. This plan we have adopted for years in feeding swine and milch cows, and in finishing off the fattening of beeves, and are sure that meal thus prepared is worth twice as much as raw meal.

SOIL UNDER BUILDINGS.

Whenever soil is covered for any length of time by buildings or other objects which prevent transpiration, nitre or saltpetre is generated, and this is greatly accelerated if the building is occupied by animals, especially by the horse. This soil is of great value in compost, and will well and amply repay the farmer for removing and applying it to his soil. In compost it is highly useful. As a top-dressing, few articles are more efficient; and when applied in sufficient quantities to all light soils, and in conjunction with lime or wood ashes, it acts with great vigor, and secures a most healthy and luxuriant growth. The per centage of alimentary matter contained in grass manured with nitrous earth, has been exhibited to be greater than that supplied by an equal weight of hay grown on land manured with putrescent substances simply. It is also more elastic in the fibre and foliage, and consequently less liable to loss, as well as more easily cured. The soil under tie-ups, lintels, barns, wood-houses and stable floors, should be removed and saved every three or four years, and replaced by muck or some other substance which will be transformed into manure.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper:—

James Binks, in the North British Agriculturist, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for 64 years, and forthwith among the barley there sown, arose some 74 varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to have been an old cavalry camp, and that the oats which were ripened under other skies, had lain covered with debris for 1,900 years, and now being exposed to the action of sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown.

CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.—A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar:—He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie singly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This lends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by the friction, hence you see the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheepskins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us is better than anything else.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 37, 31, 5, is a kind of oil.
My 2, 27, 34, 33, 30, is a beautiful tree in China.
My 3, 46, 27, 43, 36, was a great hottie.
My 4, 37, 37, 13, 43, is an animal.
My 5, 30, 40, 43, 33, is a part of the body.
My 6, 36, 23, 33, is a plant.
My 7, 41, 15, 47, 13, 33, is a foreign coin.
My 8, 33, 43, 30, 34, 15, is a useful article.
My 9, 13, 23, 43, 33, is a precious stone.
My 9, 43, 30, 37, is a boy's name.
My 11, 36, 35, 23, 33, 5, 37, is a animal.
My 14, 30, 44, 33, 37, is a foreign weight.
My 21, 43, 34, 5, is a well known fish.
My 26, 35, 31, 36, is a color.
My 23, 43, 33, is a foreign measure.
My 25, 27, 30, 19, is a point.
My 40, 27, 34, 34, is a measure.

My whole are the words composing the remarkable answer of a renowned French personage upon her trial.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 84 letters.

My 5, 44, 26, 7, 43, 55, 65, is a State of the Union.
My 9, 22, 45, 25, 10, 12, 73, 36, is a State of the Union.
My 13, 44, 21, 17, 73, 24, 70, is a State of the Union.
My 31, 20, 20, 33, 45, 65, 16, 28, is a State of the Union.
My 29, 15, 79, 31, 19, 20, 75, is a State of the Union.
My 28, 8, 29, 29, 72, 70, 27, 62, is a State of the Union.
My 66, 20, 72, 63, 76, 60, 40, is a State of the Union.
My 11, 57, 61, 17, 11, 73, 5, is a State of the Union.
My 1, 84, 64, 2, is a county of North Carolina.
My 70, 41, 20, 50, is a county of North Carolina.
My 46, 20, 13, 74, 5, is a county of Arkansas.
My 58, 43, 77, 40, is a county of Wisconsin.
My 49, 23, 76, 53, 13, 61, 20, 67, is a county of England.
My 29, 25, 43, 60, 43, 21, 23, 14, 28, is a county of New Brunswick.
My 75, 47, 56, 41, 12, 66, is a river of the United States.
My 32, 61, 77, 8, is a bay on the coast of South Africa.

My whole is a verse from the Proverbs in Scriptures. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in rose, but not in pink.
My 2nd is in fox, but not in mink.
My 3rd is in silver, but not in gold.
My 4th is in age, but not in old.
My 5th is in bonnet, but not in hat.
My 6th is in dog, but not in cat.
My 7th is in sun, but not in priest.
My 8th is in hope, but not in yeast.
My 9th is in flute, but not in harp.
My 10th is in bleadah, but not in carp.
My 11th is in robe, but not in gown.

My whole is an artist of world-wide renown.
Ogdensburg. S. G. H.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a hollow vessel, in the shape of a semi-sphere; I poured into it 1 gallon of wine, (231 cubical inches,) and found that it filled up the lower segment of said semi-sphere to the depth of 4 inches. From this it is presumed, the whole capacity of my semi-spherical vessel can be found. AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays? Ans.—*Straitened* circumstances.

☞ If spectacles were christened, what classical name would they receive? Ans.—You ask us (Eusebius).

☞ What sort of birds make cool summer pantaloons? Ans.—Russia ducks.

☞ What is the only thing that a man can not keep? Ans.—His wind.

☞ When is a young lady sweetest? Ans.—When she is *candied*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The fall of Vicksburg. ENIGMA.—Shaker bonnets. CHARADE.—Potomac. (Po, tow, Mac.) REBUS.—Wheat, (heat, eat, at, a.)

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Permit me to make a correction. My answer to Gill Estes's [illegible] RIDDLE of June 27, published September 5, is not correct. If we suppose the velocity of sound to be 1,142 feet per second, (as given in the Problem,) the required height is nearly 977 feet, which is the same as Mr. Estes's answer. But if we take the velocity of sound to be 1,143 feet per second, (which is the more usually given,) then the height is only 976 feet. Respectfully,

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.